# The Beaver

AUTUMN 1960

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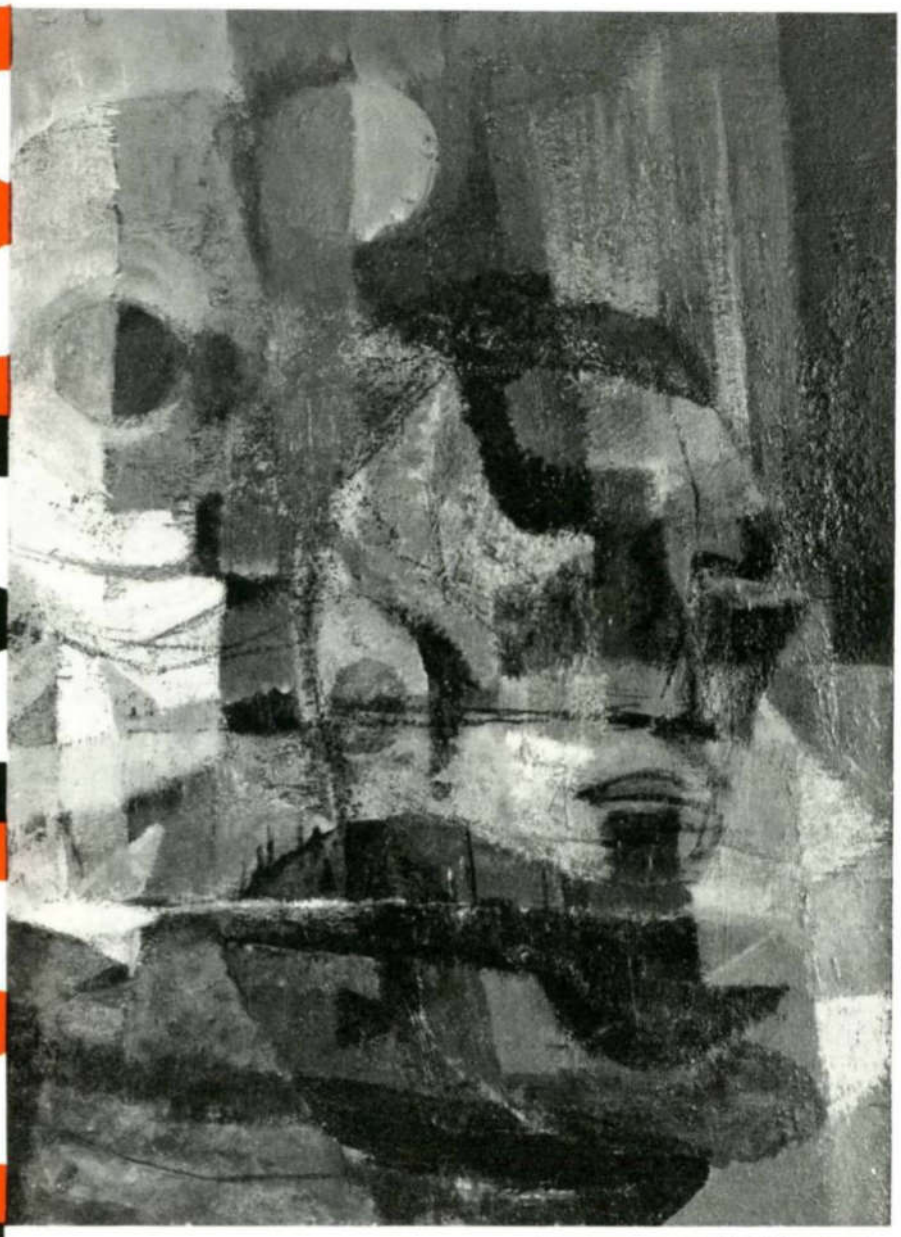

*From the painting by R. York Wilson, R.C.A.*

*Some Account of* MATONABBEE, *and of the eminent Services which he rendered to his Country, as well as to the Hudſon's Bay Company...* SAMUEL HEARNE.

MATONABBEE was the ſon of a Northern Indian by a ſlave woman, who was formerly bought from ſome Southern Indians who came to Prince of Wales's Fort with furrs, *&c.*

It is impoſſible for any man to have been more punctual in the performance of a promiſe than he was; his ſcrupulous adherence to truth and honeſty would have done honour to the moſt enlightened and devout Chriſtian, while his benevolence and univerſal humanity to all the human race , according to his abilities and manner of life, could not be exceeded by the moſt illuſtrious perſonage now on record.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

# The Beaver

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Parching Wild Rice

Colour photograph by Fred Morgan


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# SIMPSON IN RUSSIA

INTRODUCTION BY ALICE M. JOHNSON

*Archivist of the Hudson's Bay Company, Miss Johnson has extracted from George Simpson's diary an account of his visit to St. Petersburg in 1838.*

NOT very long ago the Hudson's Bay Company acquired the private diary kept by George Simpson when on a journey with the Governor of the Company, John Henry Pelly, to northern Europe in July, August, and September, 1838. The only part of the diary concerned with Hudson's Bay Company affairs is that from which the extracts printed below have been taken, but this part, no less than the remainder, reveals the Governor of Rupert's Land in a more human light than do the descriptions given by his contemporary and later critics.

The diary was apparently kept for the benefit of his wife, "Deck" or "Little Mole," as she is referred to, and if she ever had patience enough to decipher the cramped, and at times illegible writing, she was rewarded with instruction, information, and not a little amusement.

"Left my own house No. 5 Trinity Square London, at 9 p.m.", Simpson began on July 17, 1838, "and embarked on board the *Britannia* steamer . . . for Hambro where I found [aboard] Mr. Pelly with Mrs. Pelly, his sons Octavius and Percy and a man and woman servant". The ship reached Hamburg on July 20 and here the pattern was set for the remainder of the tour. Business calls, social calls, parties, dinner engagements, and sight-seeing filled each day. Even Simpson, almost a stranger to fatigue, sometimes went to bed very tired. But he entered into everything with zest, and was obviously impressed by, and enjoyed, the lavish hospitality met with in each city. He admired and criticised wherever he went, and at all times showed a lively curiosity in his fellow travellers as well as the acquaintances he made.

From Hamburg Simpson and his companions travelled in hired carriages to Lubeck and Travemunde, and thence, on July 24, took the steamer for Copenhagen, where they arrived on the following day. Here he enjoyed a swim in the sea, showing off his skill in front of a first rate Danish swimmer. "Few", boasted Simpson, "can overmatch me in the water". On July 27 another steamer was boarded for Gothenburg where, on the next day, Simpson complained that he did not see a pretty woman. "Indeed", he wrote, "I have not observed what I should call a pretty looking woman in the course of my travels through these northern Regions: our Canadian and half breed women of North America are angels compared with them." On the same day the journey was continued up Christiania (now Oslo) Fjord to Moss. Here the Pellys and Simpson landed on July 29 and a carriage journey of some twenty miles took them to Borregaard Manor, the Pelly estate in the parish of Tune.

At Borregaard Simpson was much occupied in the counting-house on affairs connected with the farms, sawmill, grain-mill, tile works and distillery which were part of the estate, but visits and sightseeing in the neighbourhood provided relaxation and entertainment until he left for Christiania, where he arrived on August 7. Three days later, in company with Governor Pelly, Simpson attended a "State Dinner in full puff" and had the pleasure of hearing himself described as "head of the most extended Dominions in the known world the Emperor of Russia the Queen of England and the President of the United States excepted". That same day's diary entry ended: "retired at 11, occupied till 12 Sowing Buttons on my Shirts & mending my breeches & Waistcoat. Damned bad Needles, worse thread & Villainous Sewing!"

Another three crowded days followed before the Governor and Simpson left Christiania and travelled by way of Gothenburg, Lakes Vanern and Vattern, Motala and Linkoping to Stockholm. After spending a few crowded hours in Stockholm they continued their journey by way of Abo (Turku), Helsingfors (Helsinki), and Reval (Tallin) for Kronshtadt. The extracts from Simpson's diary run from their arrival at Kronshtadt on August 27 until their departure from St. Petersburg on September 15.

The object of the visit to Russia was to try to settle the differences which had arisen between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Russian American Company on account of what is generally referred to as the "Stikine Affair".* Briefly, in the summer of 1834, Peter Skene Ogden had sailed to Stikine River in the Company's ship *Dryad* to establish a trading post, but he had been prevented from carrying out his orders by officers of the Russian American Company, and consequently, the Hudson's Bay Company

*References to the "Stikine Affair" and the agreement of 1839 with the Russian American Company will be found in Vols. IV and VI of the Hudson's Bay Record Society's publications.

had not only suffered loss of trade, but also loss of prestige with the Indians. But, as Pelly explained in his official report on the St. Petersburg visit, the Russian Government had tight control over the Russian American Company's affairs and it became evident that settlement would have to be left in the hands of the British Chargé d'Affaires. Instead, he and Simpson confined their negotiations to "establishing an intercourse . . . likely to be productive of advantage to the interests of both concerns".

When the two Governors left St. Petersburg the outcome of their visit was in doubt, but Pelly's report, written in London on October 10, 1838, expressed the optimistic opinion that the Russian American Company would meet his views. Eventually, the Hudson's Bay Company's claims arising out of the "Stikine Affair" were relinquished and the agreement, which Simpson on behalf of the Company, and Baron Ferdinand Wrangell on behalf of the Russian American Company, signed in Hamburg† on February 6, 1839, was the beginning of that "intercourse . . . productive of advantage to the interests of both concerns" which lasted until 1865, two years before the sale of Alaska to the United States.

*The English Quay at St. Petersburg, from Granville's Journal, published in 1828.*

## FROM THE DIARY OF GEORGE SIMPSON

*Monday, August 27*—Beautiful morning. Had scarcely elbow Room to Wash & Shave. High officers Nobility & Diplomatists must all rough it alike on board a Russian Steamer. The Ladies many of whom slept on Deck looking jaded . . . Had quite a Scramble for Breakfast, most annoyed with some infernal little "Darlings" who were slobbering close at my Elbow. Countesses & other fair ones take Schnapps before Breakfast & Beef Steak Salt Herring Row & Wine for Breakfast . . . Arrived at Cronstadt at ½ past 9, a perfect Gibraltar in Strength. Batteries of the largest calibre in all directions & quite impregnable. Merchant men laid up behind the Mole about 300 sail of all sizes & about 20 men of war. Men of war Custom House & police Boats plying in all directions three fourths of the people afloat & ashore in uniform. Well dressed and efficient for active Service. Ships Boats Steamers Transports in short every thing in the highest order. This is quite a Warlike nation . . . Boarded by a Boat containing 8 Custom House officers, Passports exchanged & Baggage examined most Strictly every Shirt Shift Pettycoat, no soiled linen allowed to pass . . . Mr. Pellys & my Pistols detained will be returned on our departure unless we pay the duty 50 Rubles pr. piece. Observing the officer take a fancy to mine I asked an acknowledgement for them which was refused, I therefore addressed a letter to the Collector intimating the delivery of our Arms & begging they might be restored on departure . . . removed on board a smaller Steam Boat . . . to go up the Neva to St. Petersburg. . . .

The appearance of St. Petersburg from the Water not very imposing on the South Side a handsome Street fronting the water called the English Quay on the South Side Wharfs & Warehouses with a few public buildings. On

†*Treaty with the Russians* by Reginald Saw. The *Beaver*, Dec. 1948.

*Palace of the Grand Duke Michael, opposite which Simpson stayed. From Pluchart's Views, 1825.*

landing had some difficulty in getting a Cart for our Baggage. All the Drosky men Porters & [illegible] Russians with long Beards & Short Crop behind spoke nothing but Russian. Left Mr. Pelly & took a Drosky to Mrs. Wilsons to see if she could House us. Saw her an old one Eyed Scotch Lady House quite full. Returned & Mr. Pelly went on to . . . the principal Hotel with a Drosky while I attended the Baggage. At length got a cart & proceeded through numerous Streets Squares Crescents Palace Yards &c. to [Coulons?] opposite the Grand Duke Michels Palace. Landlord a Frenchman, Good House & good Russian attendance. Neither French nor English Spoken in the House except the former by the Landlord. Got 2 good Bed Rooms 2nd floor at 50 Rubles p. week. Dressed & went down to the Coffee Room to Dinner each Dish brought in Separately. Soup Lared Roast Beef Spinnage & Eggs, Salmon Roast Chickens; Jelly & some other Sweets. A Bottle of Champagne & one of Sauterne. Cup of Coffee. Engaged a French Valet de place who Spoke Russian at 6 Rubles p. Diem & a Drosky (covered) with pair of Horses at 15 Rubles p. Day. Sent to the Post Office to Enquire if any Letters from the "little Mole" but unfortunately Shut for the Day.

Walked out for a couple of hours were astounded at the magnificence & spendour of the Streets Palaces Shops Houses &c. The main Street a constant thoroughfare. Uniforms [illegible] long Beards well dressed women flying about on Vehicles from the humble crossed Leg Drosky to the Coach & 6 with 2 postilions or coaches on the Box and 2 Behind. Went into the principal Greek Church during Service Men Women children officers & privates crossing themselves & knocking their noses against the pavement thanking their respective Saints for special favors, some for good luck at cards, some for bonne fortune with paramours, some for luck in picking pockets, some for one thing & some another and the very fortunate Sticking small lighted candles in the chandeliers while I gave a few Kopecks for the excellent Dinner I had . . . The church most Splendid inside & out, the altar piece truly Brilliant, the whole thing uncommonly grand yet chaste in architecture while Brilliant with decorations. Cutosops [Kutusoff's] Tomb & those of several other warriors attended. Got back at 8 Tea at 9. Bed at 11 restless night Feverish & uncomfortable Bed broke down Dreamt of Deck & Deddy.

*Tuesday, August 28*—St. Petersburg and its splended Streets & Edifices, Siberia, the Knout and a variety of other strange fancies were flitting before me all night and I got up this morning far from well, tried the remedy of a good Breakfast which had a good effect. Sent to the Post Office and got a perfect cure all in the shape of a delightful letter from the Wife reporting herself not quite the thing arising from a legitimate cause and my Darling little Ded in high Health & spirits, read my letter over half a Dozen times and felt much better. Got into a handsome open

*New York Public Library*

Drosky & pair with our Valet de place mounted behind and a coachee with a Beard like a Chancellors Wig and the back of his Head shaved up to a line with the top of his Ears Tiled with a high narrow Brimmed Bucket Shaped Hat and banded with half a Dozen Rows of Bullion Cord. A Blue Wrapping Gown fastened round the middle with a Leather Belt in front driving a pair of excellent Strong active rough coated Horses holding a Rein in each hand & without any Whip and in this fashion proceeded to make our calls & deliver our Letters of introduction to the Fashionables of this Splendid capital.

Saw Mr. Milbanke the British Charge d'affaires; a flippant smirking smart looking man who held out no hopes of bringing the Russians to a Settlement of the Stikine affair for a length of time altho our case is as clear as the Sun . . . called . . . on Baron Stenglozh of Stenglozh & Co. General Bankers & Merchants the Rothschilds of St. Petersburg, the old man a Hanoverian Jew speaks English well and very polite & obliging. Gave us a good deal of information respecting the affairs of the Russian Fur Company pay 14p. Cent. every 2 Years or 7 p. Ct. p. Anm. affairs badly conducted, will introduce us to the Directors & to Baron Wrangall but represents the business as so Secretly managed by old fashioned Russians who have a crafty illiberal system of management that it is difficult to do any thing with them . . . [was] Introduced at the British Club Room by Mr. Hodgson in order to have access to Newspapers, periodicals &c. Saw some good Billiard playing at the Club House. Went on Change with Mr. Hodgson & Mr. Jubb . . . Home to Dinner at 6. Bad tough Roast Beef, Soup, Fish, Artichokes, Game & Sweets, a Bottle of Champagne & pint Bottle Sauterne. Coffee and proceeded to the French play a pretty small Theatre, good orchestra, & fair actors & Singers—one of the actresses a pretty dark Eyed Parisienne. House tolerably filled, few well dressed or Handsome Women, every 3 men in uniform. Several Dandies. Home to Bed at 11½.

*Wednesday, August 29*—Up at 6: good night & better. Dreamt of Deck & Deddy & when I awoke wished myself back with them. Wrote a letter to my little Charmer & forwarded it with 2 others to Mr. Milbanke for the purpose of being sent by his Foreign Office Courier . . . Omitted to mention yesterday that we were occupied about a couple of hours in going to the different police offices to get our passports extended & recorded & obtain permission to go beyond the boundaries of the Town. Underwent a very close inspection by upwards of 20 officials & paid 20 Roubles for our passes, a Strange order of things. Every lacky de place & Servant about Hotels likewise private Houses in the pay of the Police, the Spanish inquisition never so strict, no man can go from one place to another or quit the country without official authority . . . Called again on several of the people we had seen yesterday. Got my Hair cut by a French Barber who said a Toupee would become me exceedingly. Dressed and went to Dinner with Mr. Jubb who took us out to his House in his Carriage . . . Called at the principal Fur Warehouse Kept by Russians, saw many good Furs, Sable, Martens, Foxes, Raccoons, &c. &c. hope to get some orders for Furs from them. Visited the new Cathedral (Greek) has been in progress building about 50 years & expected to be finished in 1841, a magnificent building little inferior to St. Pauls . . . Saw a handsome church the [illegible] with a Statue of Cutosoph & another of Bentley [Barclay] de Tolly very fine. The Grand Duke Michaels Palace opposite my window a noble Edifice . . . got to Bed at ½ past 11.

*Thursday, August 30*—Warm close Weather and a few Muschetoes in the Evening. Called on Baron Stenglozh, had a long interview with him on the affairs of the Russian Fur Company in whose Stock he holds 400 Shares. Stock at present worth 900 Rubles p. Share which covers a Dividend of 14 p. Ct. to be paid in the course of the Season: not at all satisfied with the management, and would be glad to forward our views in regard to an amicable arrangement, to that end gave us an introductory Letter to the Directors . . . Got a map of St. Petersburg and took a turn round the Grand Bazaar, an immense Square, 2 Tiers of

Small Shops on each side of the Square, neat clean well furnished Shops . . . Could find nothing curious sufficiently small for sending to London so as to avoid Seizure altho very desirous to execute sweet little Deckys commission.

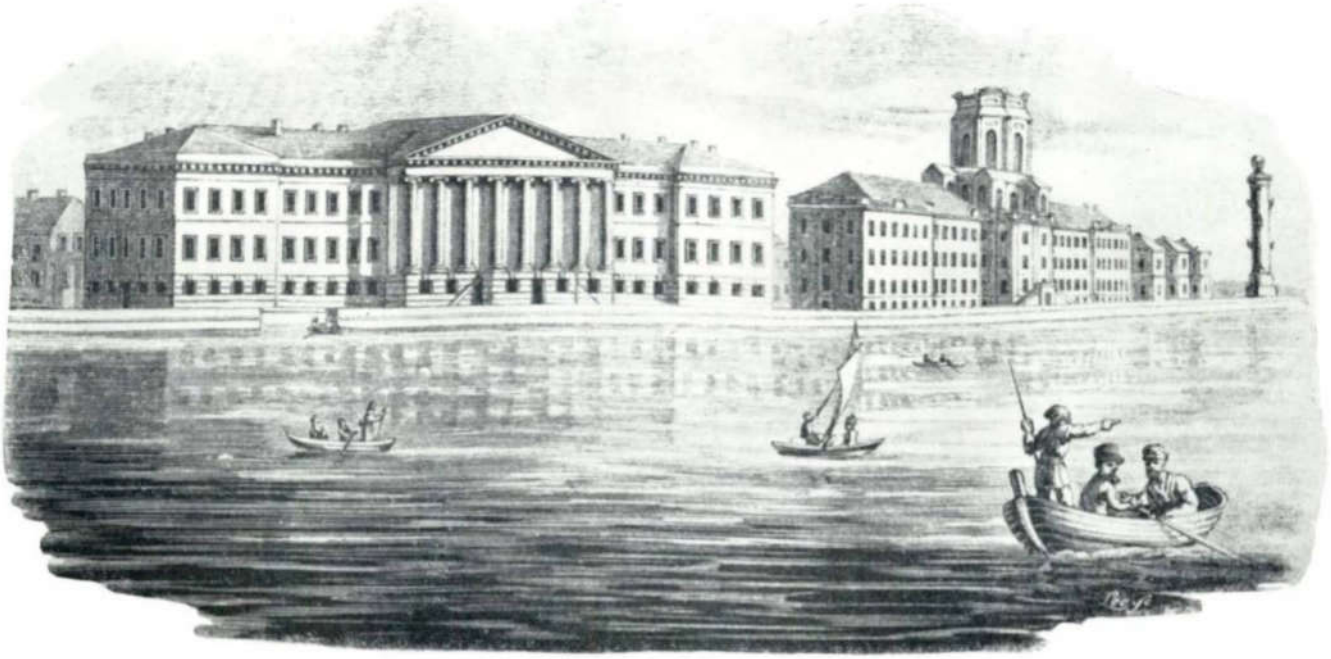
Afterwards accompanied Mr. Jubb to the Russian Fur Companys Establishment very respectable in point of size and arrangement and the residence of one of the Directors. Saw two of them Messrs. [illegible] & [illegible] . . . also a person with a Star on his Breast who appeared to be there accidentally altho I think he was there designedly as they expected us. Passed through a Suite of Rooms well furnished in which were several good pictures of Emperors & Empresses for a century or two past. Were received very politely; they seemed familiar with my name & said they would be happy to give favorable consideration to any proposition we might have to make on the return of Baron Wrangell who was absent but would be back within a week. Learn they have sent a Steam Boat out from the United States and have some transactions with Boardman of Boston. Afterwards called on Chaplain the great Furrier & opened a negotiation with him with a view to supplying them with Furs to the amount of 10 to £15,000 p. Ann. To see him again in the course of a Day or two.

Visited the Bath House, upon a large Scale Warm cold & Vapour Baths belonging to the House of Thal. The Russians of all classes great people for Vapour Baths. Saw some pretty women passing out & in to their carriages. Went to the Club House to which we are admissible, had some lunch and read the English Newspapers . . . Dressed and at 6 went to Dine with Mr. Hodgson of Thompson Bonar & Co. . . . A good Bachelor Dinner & plenty of wine, a pleasant party & much agreeable conversation . . . Baron Wrangell well spoken of as active & efficient lately promoted to the rank of vice Admiral & now in the country inspecting some Oak Forests for Government. Got Home at 10. Engaged to Dinner on Saturday at Mr. Bairds on Sunday at Mr. Blinkers, on Tuesday at Mr. Coldays on Wednesday at Mr. Hubbards and on Saturday Week at the English Club with Dr. LeFerre am perfectly sick & tired of these vile ceremonials & would much prefer a plain Mutton chop at home. . . .

*Friday, August 31*—[Instructions for preparing caviare take up most of this day's entry.] Called on Hubbard and went to see the Museum of Minerals, Models &c. a fine building used as an Academy. Visited likewise the Museum of Paintings Sculpture &c this building likewise used as an Academy. Saw a Skeleton of the Mamoth at the former found in Siberia, the first well worth seeing the last not. Wandered and Drove about until 3 o'Clock . . . Remained at Home writing to Russian Fur Company and to [Duncan] Finlayson . . . Tea & Bed at 10, very warm oppressive Weather.

*Saturday, September 1*—Copying letter to Russian Fur Company before Breakfast. Afterwards called on Mr. Milbanke & showed it to him. Approved, the Diplomatist light flippant and evident not well qualified for the Situation he fills . . . Called on Baron Stenglozh who read our Letter to the Russian Fur Company & approved it. Called likewise on Thompson Bonar & gave it to them to be Translated into Russian . . . Viewed the Palace burnt down & gutted last Winter and now rebuilding a noble Edifice & exceedingly handsome, the work conducted by a Scotchman. Dressed and went to Dinner at Mr. Bairds . . . Visited the Admiralty & Dock yard to Day very fine, likewise the Senate House.

*Part of the Admiralty, Labanoff Palace, Peter's statue and the new Cathedral of St. Isaac, from Granville's Journal.*



*The Imperial Academy of Sciences and Observatory, as shown in Granville's Journal of travels to St. Petersburg, 1828.*

*Sunday, September 2*—Dull heavy looking morning. Occupied till ½ past 11 writing, proceeded to the Rail Road . . . Entered one of the Cars and drove out a distance of about 16 miles to the Palace of Zaskayzello [Tsarskoye Selo] where the Emperor resides except in the depth of winter. The grounds are very fine & the Palace itself truly magnificent of an immense size & most superbly furnished . . . Visited likewise the Arsenal in the same grounds being a Museum of Armour of all sorts sizes forms & Ages . . . At the Engine Station there are a number of public Rooms occupied by hundreds of parties Eating Drinking Smoking chatting laughing . . . Entered the Cars again at 2 O'Clock and proceeded 4 Miles to Pawlofsky [Paulowsky] where there is another Palace with beautiful pleasure grounds and public Rooms laid out a la Vauxhall very handsome and well got up and crowded with Visitors altho the weather was wet close and uncomfortable . . . After ranging about this place we were met by Mr. Alex Thal we proceeded to his Country House prettily situated close to the palace grounds & very tastefully laid out . . . afterwards to Vauxhall . . . Remained until 10 . . . reached Home about ½ past 11. To Bed at 12. The weather disagreeable but much entertained by to Days amusement altho Sunday . . .

*Monday, September 3*—Mr. Pelly received Letters . . . Advices of Dr. McLoughlins arrival at Montreal Captn. Home & 4 men Drowned in the Columbia. Leith left £10,000 the interest to be applied to Religious instruction to the North American Indians* . . . Wrote to James Keith. Called on Thompson Bonar & Companys. Went to see the Gallery of Paintings at the Hermitage Palace, many of the finest masters. Reubens, Corregio, Tenyers, Van Dyke &c. &c. quite a Treat. Afterwards visited the Residence of Peter the Great when he first established Petersburg, a very small wooden Tenement nearly in ruins containing 3 Rooms, an altar piece in one of them with lights eternally Burning. At 5 went to Mr. Wilsons and took a long Drive with him among the Islands where there are a great many Country Houses very pretty places, visited the Palace at the Islands a delightful Summer residence—no end to Palaces. St. James a Pig sty compared with them & Buckingham House little more than an ordinary dwelling. In the Houses of some of the Russian nobility they have at times 1000 Slaves and in some of the Palaces 2000 Soldiers can be quartered . . . got Home at 12 tired of my Days excursion.

*Tuesday, September 4*—Wrote to McLoughlin before Breakfast to Secretary Smith afterwards. Hubbard called & took us to the Public Library. Saw at Dixons Library a report of our Northern Discovery Expedition [Dease and Simpson]. The public Library a fair Building with an immense collection of Books. Afterwards visited the Fish Fowl & Poultry Market well Stocked. Showery nasty Day. Mr. Savarine the Chairman of the Russian American Company called, saw Mr. Pelly, I was out. Speaks English was very polite & seemed most anxious to establish a good understanding with the H.B. Coy. Says Wrangall is arrived & will have a meeting tomorrow to consider our proposition which will then be sent to them with a Russian translation. Mr. Pelly not well. Breast complaint. Dined at Mr. Coldays with a large party about 20 excellent Dinner, a

**Beaver*, June 1943.

*The new Church of Kazan at St. Petersburg, from Depping's "Voyage pittoresque" published in 1832.* *New York Public Library*

great variety of wines & every thing in good Style. Got home at 10 Eat Mushrooms & feel queer about Stomach.

*Wednesday, September 5*—Was exceedingly ill all night Stomach & Bowels deranged & very Sick & uncomfortable to Day. Breakfasted on a cup of Tea. Wrote to my sweet little Wifey to James Keith & to Secretary Smith. Called at Thompson Bonar & Co. for the translation of our Letter to the Directors of the Russian Fur Company. Not ready & cannot get original or translation until Tomorrow. Went Home & wrote an other copy of the Letter to be delivered immediately in English. Engaged to Dinner at Hubbards about 20 miles in the Country but very unwell & cannot accompany Mr. Pelly who Started at 2 oClock & will return Tomorrow morning. Called on Jubb with my Letter for the Directors of Russian American Company he accompanied me to Mr. Suverins an old German the only Director who Speaks English, found him Dressing for a meeting of the Directors at which Wrangal is to attend. Sat with him an hour, a Stupid old thief who professes to know every thing about the country & Trade but really knows nothing. Gave him the Letter, the Russian Translation to be sent Tomorrow. Will endeavour to arrange a meeting with Mr. Pelly myself & the other Directors either Tomorrow or next Day. Jubb pressed me to go home & Spend the Evening quietly with him, but not sufficiently well to move from Home. Had a cup of Tea at 4 Read till 8 & turned in after Bathing my feet in Warm Water . . .

*Thursday, September 6*—Passed a good night & feel better to Day . . . Had an interview with Mr. Souverin the Russian American Director. Sent in the Russian translation of our propositions to the Company . . . Walked along with Jubb along the Regent Street of St. Petersburg to look at the Shops & pretty Women, all the good looking are either French or German and a few English . . . Dressed & went to Dinner at Baron Studleozs in the Country . . . The company continued to pour in till ½ past 6 when we sat down 50 in number to the most Splendid Banquet I ever beheld . . . The old Baron sat at the middle of the Table the British Minister on his Right Mr. Pelly on his left, then General Wilson on the one side & Admiral Record on the other then my self & corresponding with me Count Somebody . . . The Barons Iced Champagne Punch was the most delicious thing I ever tasted. The Table set out with ornamental plate & glass & beautiful Silver Stands with Flowers a Tumbler & 5 beautifully cut glasses of different sizes plate napkin & Bread for each Sitter. Two

soups handed round on each side the table, afterwards . . . Larded Beef, afterwards Artichokes afterwards 2 kinds of Fish, afterwards Game Pie, afterwards Venison Steaks, afterwards Vegetables of some kind, afterwards double Snapes, afterwards Iced Champane Punch afterwards Iced Creams, afterwards other Sweets, afterwards Peaches, Apricots Pineapples . . . Then a general move to the Drawing Room. Coffee . . . Then Liqueurs. Then cards, then Tea and at 12 oClock adieus & break up. In going one of our Horses got the Staggers & on wheeling round came in contact with the chariot & 4 of Milbank & the Dutch minister: knocked off the lamp & broke the carriage glasses down came our Horse. The Dutch Ministers open carriage light driving after Milbankes picked us up. Gave the Driver 5 Rubles. The ambassadors laughed heartily & so did we having the best of the joke which only cost 5 Rubles whereas to the Diplomatists it must have cost 100 in Broken Lamp & glasses . . .

*Friday September 7*—Got up with a head Ache. Breakfasted at 10 came to the Commercial Club Room & accompanied Colday Hubbard & the English clergyman to the Fortress where we saw the whole process of smelting gold & silver . . . Afterwards visited the Cathedral in which all the members of the Royal Family are entombed . . . Service going forward, the Singing good & the Altar piece absolutely dazzling with Brilliantcy. The people eternally crossing themselves & knocking their noses against the pavement. At 12 went to the Russian American House, found Baron Wrangal there, an extraordinary looking ferret Eyed, Red Whiskered & mustachioed little creature in full Regimentals not half the size of [Joseph] Beioley, very thin weak & delicate but evidently a sharp clever little creature. 3 Directors evidently. Stupid to a Degree. The Admiral we met yesterday at Baron Stengloz and Captn. Etoliny, a very good looking fellow. Wrangal was very polite & he & I were delighted to meet having heard much of each other & having corresponded as far back as the year 1825 or 6. The Baron on behalf of the Company said they would be most happy to establish a good understanding with the H.B. Coy. They had half made up their minds to have no further dealings with the Americans & the Treaty would not be renewed affording admission into the Russian Ports on the North West Coast. Baron Wrangal said moreover that the priviledge of the Company in regard to Trade would terminate with the close of the ensuing year and that it might not be renewed so that they would have some difficulty in entering into any arrangement with the Company for a term of years. Wrangal further said that he had made an arrangement at Chili by which they would be supplied with Grain at lower prices than we could furnish it likewise goods from England. In short with any professed desire of doing business with us he Stated numberless difficulties. Such as the great Scarcity of goods with us, the disappointment he experienced in regard to the arrangement he made with [Peter Skene] Ogden for a supply of goods which he could not fulfil, our want of Shipping to carry the grain. We proposed to supply them deliverable at Fort Simpson* with wheat at 12/6 Sterling p. Fanega of 126 lbs., bulky goods from England at 75p. Cent. & finer goods at 50 p. Cent. on Invoice cost. We left our Book of Invoice prices with them for comparison with their prices and we are to have a further interview with them on Thursday when they will give a final answer. The Directors are Souverin, Cuesoff & Wrangal seems to have a controuling power in short he seems to have the principal management & I imagine represents the Government in their councils. Wrangal seemed to feel much interest in the Discoveries of Dease & Simpson, I gave him one of the Narratives & left our North American map with him. Their Stock is in 7000 Shares of 500 rubles each now worth 900 Rubles p. Share & pays 7 p. Cent. p. Am. or 14 p. Cent. every 2nd year. Wrangal says they most Sell Arms & Ammunition but admitted they sold Spirits. Etoliny speaks good English & so does Wran-

*On the Pacific coast near the Alaska boundary.

*Marie Taglioni, the ballerina whose dancing in St. Petersburg enchanted George Simpson.*
*New York Public Library*

gal. The impression on my mind is that they will not have any dealings with us . . . To Bed at 10.

*Saturday, September 8*—Mr. Wilson & his Son called . . . and conducted us to Alexandroska about 8 miles from town where his Brother General Wilson conducts or superintends a very large Government Establishment consisting of Cotton Spinning, Sail Cloth Manufactury Linnen . . . At ¼ to 5 Dr. Laferre called & conducted us to the 'English Club' where we Dined as his Guests. It is called the English Club having been founded about 80 years ago by a few Englishmen . . . got Home at ½ past 10. Had a Warm Bath & turned in.

*Sunday, September 9*—Went to Church the English Chapel well attended, about 200 people, the Clergyman Read & preached well, a very neat comfortable place . . . Could not help remarking to Day the neat cleanly comfortable appearance of the people from the Peasant upwards. There seems to be no poverty in St. Petersburg, all the Houses are very large more like noblemans mansions than any thing else the Streets very wide & well paved & everything connected with the Town on a magnificent Scale Palaces, Public offices, Statutes [*sic*], Squares, Streets Houses &c. &c. nearly all the lower orders not military are Slaves living in their masters Houses, laying about the passages outhouses &c. & living on Black Bread & [illegible] a Vile Drink of the Beer kind infinitely worse than our worst Table Beer. These Slaves are a Saleable commodity but the Masters have not the power of Life & Death over them altho they sometimes subject them to a Slow Death by Flogging & Starvation. The poor Devils cannot run away because no one can quit the Town with[out] a passport nor can any one change his Lodging for a single night with out a pass; so that the movements of the most insignificant person are known to the police . . .

*Monday, September 10*—Called on Hodgson (out) . . . Crossed the Nevea to the *Sirius* office . . . On our return saw a Scoundrel of a police officer Strike a Waterman across the face to the effusion of Blood without a cause. Had the poor fellow returned the Blow I suppose he would have been knouted. The police & soldiery have a great deal too much power which they exercise most unsparingly. From such oppression good Lord Deliver us . . . issued cards for invitation to Dinner on Thursday to Baron Stengloz & Son, Hubbard, Baird, Genl. Wilson, John Wilson & Son 2 Thals, Calday Hodgson, Jubb, Leferre, Plincke, Baron Wrangal, Captn. Etoliny, Admiral Record & Directors of R[ussian] Am. Coy. Procofief, Severin & Koosaff. Drove out to Baron Stengloz Spinning Mill under the charge of Mr. Craig a Scotchman . . . Afterwards visited the Ministry Saw the Silver Coffin of St. Alexander. Beautiful Shrine & superb embellishments, with Hundreds of all sorts sizes & classes crossing themselves & knocking their Noses most severely against the pavement. The weather exceedingly close & hot got home at 3 oClock faint & fatigued & felt as if I had Drunk too much of Plinckes wine last night. This [is] a holyday or Saints Day and a number of the lower orders Drunk, out of the 365 Days in the year not more than 200 are Working Days: the rest Saints Days, a prodgious waste of time. As the people become more enlightened these Holydays are gradually diminishing in number. Declined Invitation to Jubb, quite worn out with Eating & Drinking and most anxious to get back to the Wife & Didy. Dined at home . . . Looked at some music & curiosity Shops, but unwilling to buy on account of the difficulty of Landing things.

*Tuesday, September 11*—This is another Vile Saints Day; all Petersburg out to see the Procession of St. Alexanders & we among the rest about 50,000 people collected, all the Priests in their full canonicals in procession some large bearded pretty fellows among them who seemed to Eye the pretty girls as they went along. The people very orderly, a number of the Military & higher ranks well dressed of both Sexes in their carriages & 4 with State liveries 2 footmen behind &c. Many of these beggerly grandees are up to their Ears in Debt & have not a good Dinner to sit down to. The principal income of most of the Nobility arises from the Service of their Slaves whom they let out as Labourers Coachmen Tradesmen &c. receiving a certain proportion of their pay. Our Coachman Vaccelli had nearly upset us to Day one of his fore wheels breaking down. In the afternoon went to see the Triumphal Arch of the late Emperor Alexr. on the Petruska Road, one of the finest things about Petersburg. Mr. Pelly complaining of head Ache, declined going to dine at Thals 20 miles off . . . Wrote Read & contrived to kill time to Day which begins to hang very heavy on hand. Received Letters from London to Day . . . The Newspapers that arrived on Sunday not yet delivered. They are generally kept 3 or 4 Days for Examination by the Police.

*Wednesday, September 12*— . . . Called with Jubb at Chaplains he is to send Pelly Simpson & Co. an order for £5000 worth of Furs in Nov., his annual demand about £15,000, declined Invitation to Dine out & went to the opera in the Evening. Saw the angelic Taglioni all grace, absolutely skims across the Stage, a perfect Sylph, Ariel Zephyr Seraphim the link between the winged & unwinged Tribes, a House about the size of Drury Lane, very pretty & Tastely fitted up. Crammed with Government people ¾th of the men in Uniform & the Women uniformly ugly.

*Continued on page 58.*

PICTURES
AND TEXT BY
LEONARD LEE RUE

*The grip of a wolf's jaws.*

# THE DOCTOR'S WOLVES

IT was a most amazing sight. As Dr. McCleery entered their pen, the two huge grey wolves ran over and leapt upon him with a great show of affection. Each one vied with the other in their efforts to caress his face with their tongues and crowded around to be petted. With the male wolf weighing about 140 pounds to the Doctor's 100 pounds, I was glad when I had the pictures I needed and could call the Doctor out of the pen. The Doctor's only concern was that I was satisfied. "Don't worry about me," he said, "these wolves are killers but they love me." He had just proved his point.

Whereas other men collect stamps and some make furniture, Dr. E. H. McCleery of Kane, Pennsylvania keeps a wolf pack. Oddly enough this love for wolves developed in Canada in 1887 where the Doctor, who was nineteen at the time, was hunting for grizzly bear with a classmate from college.

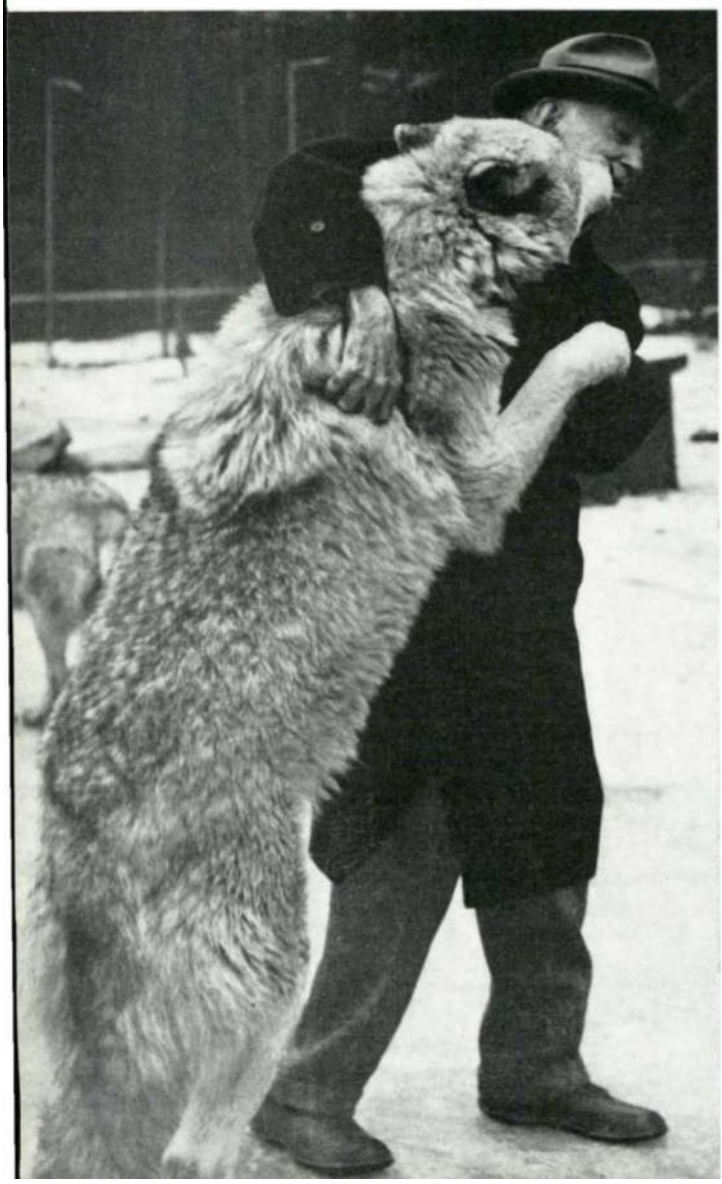
The trip was unsuccessful as far as the bears go, but there was adventure aplenty, the highlight of the trip being a visit to their campfire by a grey wolf that just walked out of the shadows of the forest and sat down.

Upon his return to the States and school, McCleery started collecting all the notes and literature on wolves that he could find. At that time, the United States Government was waging an all-out war on the last of the large

buffalo wolves, or lobos as they were called, that had been wreaking havoc on the flocks and herds of the ranches in the southwest portion of the country. Some of these wolves caused untold thousands of dollars worth of damage to livestock and became notorious. The Biological Survey had marshalled its forces and with gun, trap, dogs and poison had one by one eliminated the great wolves.

McCleery, by this time a medical doctor, had married and started practising in the small town of Kane in the mountains of northwestern Pennsylvania. Resolving to prevent the eradication of the lobos, *Canis lupus nubilus*, from the face of the earth as a subspecies, Dr. McCleery got in touch with the Biological Survey and offered to pay the shipping expenses and to keep the wolves in escape proof pens. Government trappers sent twenty-two wolf pups and yearlings. This was the nucleus of the Doctor's pack and the blood lines have been kept pure to this time.

*The doctor is overwhelmed with friendliness.*



When the wolves grew to maturity, they caused trouble for the Doctor both with his neighbours and his family because of their fighting and howling. He finally moved the pack to a farm that he purchased on the outskirts of the town. By this time, the wolves were consuming two entire horses or cows each week, forcing the Doctor to charge admission to the general public to help support and feed them. The wolves were not fed daily but were allowed to gorge themselves about twice a week. This, the Doctor thought, would be more the way they would feed in the wild. Vitamins were added to their feed.

He set about a training and taming program which has been successful beyond the belief of everyone including the zoologists. He has absolutely no fear of the wolves and although he has been attacked and even bitten on numerous occasions, he does not hesitate to walk in with any of the eighteen wolves he currently keeps.

Although he has sold some of his wolves in the past, there are none for sale today. He feels that zoos cannot give the wolves the individual attention that they need to stay healthy and survive. Any thought of abuse is abhorrent to him, and he has turned down large sums of money from motion picture companies that have wanted to use them in fight scenes. Being now 92 years old, Dr. McCleery is greatly concerned with the future of his wolves when he dies.

Many are the tales he told me about the wolves in the couple of days I spent at his home as a guest. On several occasions when attacked by some of the wolves in a pen he has been saved by the defence put up by one of the older animals.

The love that the wolves show for the Doctor is not shown to his assistant. They seem to have a long standing grudge against this man and repeatedly try to attack him. On several occasions, it was only through the intervention of Dr. McCleery that Elmer was able to escape a mauling. I always knew when Elmer was approaching the pens because of the increased restlessness of the entire pack. Although I entered several of the pens to get my photographs, I always breathed easier when I was finished and had closed the gate behind me.

The wolves are a study in perpetual motion, pacing back and forth constantly and breaking into a lope now and then. Protected by hair about three inches in length, the wolves never sleep in the shelters no matter how cold it gets, preferring to curl up outside even in the snow.

When the whistle blows at closing time in one of the factories in Kane, it triggers the entire pack into some of the most blood-curdling howls I have ever heard. It could well have been their lament for the old freedoms and the wild country of their ancestors. ◆

*Wolf Study*

# INUVIK
## place of man

BY IRENE BAIRD

Author and information officer
with Northern Affairs Department

National Film Boards photographs
unless credited.

*Searching for the site.* *C. L. Merrill*

INUVIK'S founding fathers—some bearing brief-cases, some wearing parkas, others carrying bottles of mosquito lotion—faced town-planning problems new to Canadian experience.

Few modern communities start life from scratch. Most grow up as the overflow of some larger centre or as a special type of residential development.

Inuvik has done neither. It is a town of its age and arctic environment. As much a part of the larger pattern of northern development as weather balloons and ice-breakers. Its ultimate character as a town will be what the marriage between north and south makes it.

Inuvik is as much a river town as it is a town of the age of air travel. It stands high on the east bank of the Mackenzie River, kingly waterway without which the makings of a town could never have reached the site. It was, too, mainly because of the river—powerful, greedy, eater-away of foundations—that the town came to be built.

Inuvik has been designed to serve as the main centre for communications (air and water), administration, education, and medical care for the Western Arctic. It is being more and more frequently spoken of nowadays too as a take-off point for mineral, oil, and gas exploration and development as these push northward into the lower Mackenzie and towards the Arctic islands.

It may be a year or more before the town is finished but the airport has been in service since 1958. At Dolomite Lake, 8½ miles to the southeast, a 6,000-foot airstrip is in use and piles are in position for a permanent terminal building to be built in 1960-61.

Twice-weekly flights by Pacific Western Airlines link Inuvik with Edmonton. By direct flight—if there are no delays caused by weather—the time is about seven hours; when stop-overs are made at Fort Smith, Hay River, Norman Wells, Fort Simpson, and Wrigley the day trip takes longer. The year-round air link with "the outside" has broken the chilling isolation that once cut off the Delta for three months a year at break-up and freeze-up.

In Eskimo the word *Aklavik* means "Place of the Brown Bear," and *Inuvik*, "Place of Man." Since the first survey team flew to the Mackenzie Delta in 1954 Inuvik has been a place of many men; many machines, too. A helicopter reconnoitering the East Channel for the site; trucks and tractors; power shovels and bulldozers; steam drills blasting post holes in permafrost for foundations; tugs shepherding their loaded barges up-river to the site. Cranes and carry-alls. Anything—and almost anyone—that could be relied on to move a yard of dirt or drive a straight nail. The whole job clocked to the "iffy" deadlines of northern construction. (If the weather is good we make progress; if it is bad we slow down.)

Inuvik stands at the end of the long river route of the Athabasca, Slave and Mackenzie Rivers, 35 air miles across the East Channel from Aklavik, about twice the distance by boat or dog team. The town has been planned for an initial population of some 1,300, with room to grow to five thousand.

The administrative area that 275-acre Inuvik will serve is big even by northern standards—about 350,000 square miles. This takes in the lower Mackenzie Valley and the part of the Arctic coastline and nearby islands that extend from Herschel Island, close to the Yukon-Alaska boundary, 1,000 miles east to Spence Bay in the Central Arctic. No wonder parents who live the semi-nomadic life of the far-off hunting camps must be prepared to do without their children part of the year if they want them to go to school.

Inuvik lies about 68 degrees north—seven degrees closer to the North Pole than Whitehorse, capital of Yukon Territory. It's a pleasant climate for a town only about sixty miles south of the Beaufort Sea. Winters are not so cold as they are long. Summers are just the reverse—short but hot enough to stimulate flowers and vegetables to blue-ribbon size. The thermometer can rise into the nineties in mid-summer, a season when cruising mosquitoes are occasionally mistaken for helicopters. Winter temperatures are apt to be lowest in January and February with the latter averaging around 26° below zero. In April the mercury begins a wary shift from "below" to "above." In the Arctic snowfall is light and residents of Inuvik are unlikely to spend as much time swinging snow shovels as many Canadians in the "south." About sixty days in the year are normally frost-free.

Inuvik is a town with a park, office buildings, school, churches, hospital, radio station, movie house and skating rinks—most of the things found in any town of comparable size elsewhere in Canada—but no one coming here for the first time will mistake it for any but an arctic community. Where else but on acres of permafrost do the foundations of a modern town—its heating and lighting systems too—go up on piles?

When construction began the skyline did not follow the conventional pattern of a tangle of scaffolding. It sprouted above-ground as an army of piles. To drive them into the ground the immediate area was first thawed out by steam-jet. The whole problem of secure foundations—for roads as well as buildings—was only one of those that the men with the brief cases, the parkas, and the mosquito lotion laboured on together.

Throughout the early stages Inuvik was known simply as East Three (the engineers' code number for the site) or New Aklavik. But as work proceeded both titles became more and more unsatisfactory. After discussion in the north, as well as in Ottawa, the choice of "Inuvik" was brought before the Council of the Northwest Territories by Knut Lang, of Aklavik, elected member for Mackenzie Delta, and officially proclaimed by Commissioner R. G. Robertson on 18 July 1958. Like the names of

*A work camp begins to rise on the site of Inuvik on the east channel of the Mackenzie River.*

a good many babies this was a compromise choice but to a good many people "Place of Man" seemed a friendly neighbour for "Place of the Brown Bear." It was melodious, it was easy to pronounce and it was Arctic.

The most familiar rule-of-thumb for defining "Arctic" is the land that lies north of treeline, which is not a line at all but a long, undulating forest fringe. It is one of the tricks of northern geography that although residents of Inuvik live 150 miles north of the Arctic Circle they have as good a right to claim residence in the sub-Arctic. The reason they will be correct on both counts is also a reason for one of the most charming features of the town. Inuvik lies just south of the treeline and in landscaping the town advantage was taken of the stands of poplar, spruce, and balsam, and the patches of meadow, that make the Delta so green and pleasant when the land begins to thaw out of the long winter freeze.

This is not mud as we know it in the south; not even as we know it at its worst. It is mud that sucks and swims and heaves; mud with molasses added. It was mud like this—the summer guise of soil so unstable that it is solid only while frozen—that was a prime factor in the decision to choose for Inuvik a site (so far as any was available in the Delta) that would not be plagued and endangered by the seeping, nibbling waters of the Mackenzie. The answer as it emerged was a new town. A community planned from the outset and not—as had been the experience of Aklavik—a town expanding more or less haphazard in response to the pressures of growth.

Aklavik, major fur-trapping area in the north, began life in 1912 as a Hudson's Bay Company fur-trading post. It grew up around a single resource—muskrat—with all the built-in hazards of a one-product economy. Present population is about 800, doubled in summer.

*Buildings rise on their pile foundations; left, the Federal Building, and right, R.C.M.P. quarters.*
Central Mortgage & Housing Corporation.

In the west—reckoned in terms of climate—the Arctic does not begin till more than 200 miles beyond the Circle. For residents of Inuvik clothing ranges from parkas to sweat shirts, with parkas getting the hardest wear.

These violent extremes in temperature that freeze the Mackenzie River and the great sprawling watercourses of the Delta, two-thirds of the year, and thaw them out in summer, lie at the heart of Aklavik's construction problems. They explain why residents have referred to their town at times with more truth than respect as "the mudtropolis of the north."

The town's real growth took place from 1919-1936, when the importance of the Delta as a communications centre was foreshadowed. The Royal Canadian Corps of Signals helped set up station CHAK, making Aklavik the first centre in the Northwest Territories with a commercial radio station. In time population increased to the point where Aklavik was running true to a pattern familiar to most Canadian communities—the town had to have room to grow. Unlike most of them, however, Aklavik had nowhere to expand. Lakes and marshes hemmed in the site in a tight space against the Mackenzie Channel;

*Utilidor line shows step construction for cross-overs.*

it was a prisoner of the river. So low-lying as to be dangerously plagued by floods at break-up, even when the Mackenzie was not in flood the river was gnawing at the fringes of the town.

It had, moreover, a critical problem in the unstable quality of the soil. Neither modern buildings, nor sorely-needed roads, could be safely or economically committed to such poor foundations.

The decision to build Inuvik was not taken lightly.

The problem was put in the hands of the Advisory Committee on Northern Development, a permanent group with senior representatives from all government departments having direct responsibilities in the north. The committee studied Aklavik's problem from many angles, particularly the long-range needs of the Western Arctic and its people, and recommended that a new and better site be found. This recommendation was accepted and the project put into the hands of the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources, the agency with overall responsibility for northern administration.

Other departments have, of course, played a major and indispensable part in the building of Inuvik. The Division of Building Research of the National Research Council, Mines and Technical Surveys, Public Works, Transport, National Health and Welfare. Each has a continuing interest in the development of the new town.

Early in 1954 a Site Survey Team left for the Delta. Every possible location was judged by a set of minimum requirements. It had to be practical for sound town-planning; the ground suitable for sewer and water systems,

*Eskimo carpenter, Colin Allen, works on a new refrigerated warehouse.*

foundations and roads. There had to be a good airfield site. It should, if possible, be where it could serve as a trans-shipment point from the Mackenzie to sea-going vessels. It was hoped to find a site where wood, coal, and hydro-electric power were within reasonable access.

From nine "possibles," East Three was chosen.

East Three stood on a navigable river channel; soils were mainly fine-grained, organic material, gravel and ice, a blend that lessened the risk of buildings heaving and settling. The new town would be secure from floods and erosion and have room to grow. A safe and dependable water supply was assured; ground surface was good for sewer and water distribution lines, and there were excellent sites for airfield and wharf. Nothing in this world is perfect, but East Three came closer than any to meeting the list of engineering "musts" that the survey team had started out with.

This was not the kind of town-planning that Canada had attempted before, and every stage became a pilot study in arctic research, planning, and construction. The project was turned to advantage in another way too, for it provided the chance for a continuous course in vocational training right on the job.

This was an important feature of Inuvik's construction; not by any means easy at the start, but proving its value many times over as work went on. For many a Delta trapper, white, Indian, and Eskimo, who was finding the going rough in his own field, Inuvik presented the opportunity to learn a new trade, draw wages, and become a source of essential labour. From the outset the Department of Northern Affairs, whose vocational training program is built right into the northern curriculum, sought the co-operation of contractors in placing trainees on the job.

In November the new site was approved; the following year construction began. The project, with a target date somewhere between the end of 1961 and the summer of 1962, is running remarkably close to schedule.

As this was a town being built in the north, the plan was to push ahead with outdoor construction between break-up and freeze-up and leave the indoor work for winter. Once stock-piling on the site began to catch up with schedules of engineers and contractors, Inuvik moved off the blue-prints and became a hard-driving work-camp on the east bank of the Mackenzie. The most had to be made of every working day before freeze-up.

In summer construction began on the airstrip, wharf, storage warehouses, and camp buildings. The airfield was a major item—had been from the outset. It had to be convenient to town, equipped to give year-round service, able to meet many special conditions of soil, slope and drainage. The site chosen had a rock base, allowing construction engineers to blast the rock off the high spots and use it, crushed, as fill and topping.

By the summer of 1956 the site had begun to take on the first halting profiles of a town. Hundreds of piles were floated to the site, rammed home by the pile-drivers and left to freeze all winter. If Inuvik ever becomes a town with its own armorial bearings the profile of a pile-driver rampant should surmount the shield.

The builders were lucky in their weather. An unusually good season in 1958 brought work to the point where power, heat, water, and sewage disposal plants could be in operation the following summer. In October 1958 the Northern Canada Power Commission completed installation of a 150-kilowatt diesel generating unit to supply townsite construction requirements, with additional capacity of two 375-kilowatt units for use as required.

Northern Canada Power Commission are now supplying the electrical energy requirements of the town, from a total installed capacity of 1500 kilowatts, consisting of 600 kilowatts from a back pressure steam turbine, and 900 kilowatts, which will be increased when the hospital and other buildings are brought into use.

In 1959 the main construction finished was the Inuvik school, with its thirty classrooms and two student residences, each big enough to accommodate 250 pupils. Almost before the paint was dry, more than a hundred and fifty students had arrived. So, too, had most of the 35 teachers. Both residences are now filled to capacity and the full teaching staff has long since reached Inuvik.

If the same weather holds in 1960, the town will pass into the final construction stages—an 80-bed hospital, office buildings and staff housing. Government agencies with permanent staff at Inuvik, in addition to Northern Affairs, include the R.C.M.P., Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Northern Canada Power Commission, Transport, Defence, National Health and Welfare, Citizenship and Immigration (Indian Affairs Branch).

All this sounds as though progress were a lot easier and more rapid than it actually was. No one carrying out construction work in the north is ashamed to admit to formidable problems. One of these was, of course, concerned with foundations for roads and buildings. Inuvik has about fifteen miles of all-weather, gravelled roads, including an eight-mile link to the airstrip. Building fifteen miles of road through, say, the rolling farmlands of Saskatchewan, is a modest and inconspicuous engineering job. The same mileage over arctic or sub-arctic soils is immeasurably more difficult.

Few forms of road construction can be harder or more costly than building on permafrost. (Permafrost extends

*An Eskimo family in their new one-room house. Mr. Dick has worked for the Department of Public Works for several years, but hunts and traps when he has time.*

*Operation of laundry equipment is explained to Eskimo girls by the manager, John Komaromi.*

across all Arctic Canada and throughout a good deal of the sub-Arctic south of treeline.) The top two or three feet (the "active layer") melts in summer, freezes in winter. This need not be a critical problem if the nature of the frozen soil is right, but Mackenzie Delta soils are among the least stable in Canada.

Outside the north solid bases can be laid in most areas and normally drainage is not too difficult, but in planning roads for Inuvik, engineers faced the problem of building them without destroying the insulating cover of moss. If this moss cover is disturbed the permafrost melts to a depth of several feet in the summer sun. Even with gravel soil the high content of water or ice—once thawed, later refrozen—can cause nightmarish heavings and crackings in the road bed. To avoid the use of drainage ditches that destroy the moss, roads at Inuvik had no choice but to follow the natural contours of the land. Wherever possible drainage is by run-off.

Buildings presented the same difficult problems. In most Canadian towns buildings have their roots in big, concrete-walled basements or use trenches with concrete footings. But this doesn't work in the Arctic. Heated basements would melt the permafrost and play havoc with walls and footings. From three possible choices—pilings, gravel pads, and spread footings—engineers chose to rely mainly on pilings for the larger buildings, using gravel pads for the smaller ones. A gravel pad looks about the way it sounds—a thick layer of gravel that protects the building from direct contact with the ground. Not unlike a slab of uncommonly gritty sandwich filling.

The pilings—cut in the Delta and barged or floated to the site—give Inuvik an airy look. There's nothing merely decorative about it, though. Piles do more than preserve the precious topsoil; they create a breezeway between foundation and ground that allows the wind to disperse heat from the buildings. Without this air-cooled space the indoor heat would melt the permafrost and eventually collapse the foundations.

Whatever else the town lacked, it had to have well-designed water and sewerage systems.

The normal method is to install both below frost line to protect the pipes from freezing. (Who can't recall the havoc caused by even one burst pipe?) But in the Delta, permafrost may go down 1,000 feet and this is about 990 feet too deep for pipe-laying. Yet at any lesser depths they would freeze solid even in mid-summer. Even if they could be well insulated and the fluid in the pipes kept warm, the problems of underground maintenance would be enormous. Some better way had to be devised.

The answer was utilidors. These box-like insulated containers run above ground and the water and sewer

*Vocational training is part of the school curriculum. Eskimo boys learn carpentry at Inuvik school.*

*The small pupils are dwarfed by their large school.*

pipes run through them. (On a smaller scale utilidors were already working well elsewhere in the north.)

But there was a catch. If the pipes were not to freeze the liquid in them must be kept warm enough to circulate, so in addition to a cold water pipe there had to be a warm one too. And—if the warm water had to be there, why not use it to heat the town? This is why Inuvik residents who live in the serviced part of town will find two familiar household features missing—furnace and chimney. They have no wood to cut nor water to haul. Santa Claus can make door to door deliveries with a team recruited from the Government Reindeer Station or the R.C.M.P. dog corral.

The utilidor system—like the larger buildings—is built on piles. Wherever a road and a utilidor line cross, the impasse is resolved by a bridge, and it's the road, not the utilidor, that rises to make the cross-over.

Heat and electricity are supplied by the same plant. Steam from the generators is used twice—to power them and heat the town. All residents, whether or not they live in the fully serviced area, will have electric light and roads.

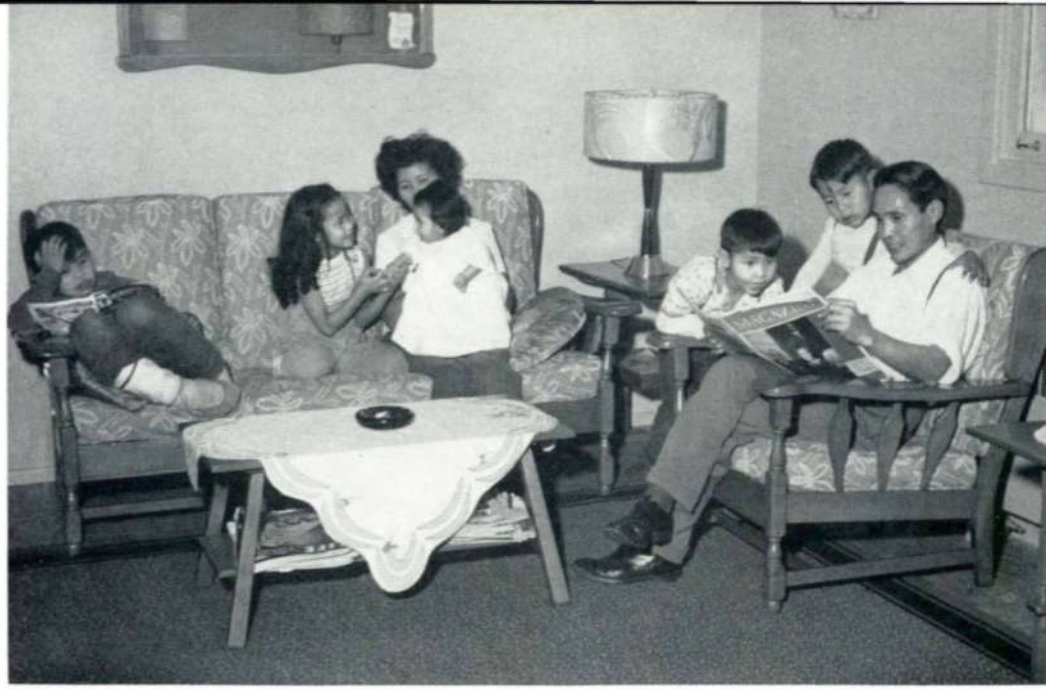
About half the town is fully serviced and here residents will have most household conveniences—central heating, hot and cold water, indoor plumbing, garbage collection—and be assessed accordingly. In the "unserviced" area (a misleading term as it will have its own type of town-site services) residents will heat by stove or space-heater and have water delivered and garbage collected by truck. The town laundry, conveniently located, provides public bath-house and laundry facilities. Lots in the unserviced area tend to be larger and some of them have a better view. The reason—houses are not built on piles, and to ensure stable foundations had to be sited on some of the best natural terrain. As Inuvik and its town services gradually settle in, some blocks now unserviced may be incorporated into the fully serviced area.

All this is not to say that as the population of Inuvik moves in, the move is being carried out with the uneventfulness and dispatch of occupying a new sub-division or housing development in the "south." Much will depend on how soon housing is ready. Most of the people posted there will be coming in when places to live are ready for them. If Inuvik ever becomes a place where the available number of beds out-runs the number of people wanting a place to sleep, it will create some sort of a record for the Arctic.

A further factor, especially during the early stages, will be the plans and wishes of the people of Aklavik and the Delta, many of whom are likely to take their time about deciding whether they will move at all. Nowhere else in Canada are greater individualists to be found than in the north. No one will be under any kind of pressure and those who do move will probably be influenced by the sort of considerations that influence people everywhere—job and trades training opportunities, social services, better housing, the example of their friends.

Older Aklavik residents may not wish to move at all; younger ones, especially those who learnt new trades and skills when Inuvik was being built, are most likely to be among the first attracted to what the new community has to offer.

The Inuvik school spells out in terms of well-equipped classrooms, student residences, and exceptional facilities for vocational training, the place education occupies in the thinking of those administering the north.



*High-school trained Eddy Cook, Hare Band Indian, has been a government employee for 11 years. The Cooks have a 3-bedroom apartment.*

The residences are managed for the Department of Northern Affairs by the Roman Catholic and Anglican Missions. The big auditorium-gymnasium with stage, projection room, and basket-ball equipment, will double after school hours as the town social centre.

Classes are organized in three broad groups—the regular Grade system, Preparatory Classes, and Opportunity Classes. The first group is designed for students who have reached the grade normal for their age. Preparatory classes are to assist the young children (11 years and less) who find it difficult to speak English. The curriculum will help them—with spoken and written English, by training, and the gradual building-up of confidence—to take their place in the regular school program. Opportunity classes provide the same kind of help to older children and young adults. Those of us whose mother tongue is not English know well the effort and patient study it takes to reach the point of learning with facility in a language not our own.

How about jobs in the new town? What new opportunities will open up for the people of the Delta? This will depend mainly on the pace of community development and the number of qualified applicants who are needed. In the early stages most of those required to run the town services will be from southern Canada. But wherever qualified local workers become available, as many jobs as possible will be turned over to them. Only some are expected to come from Aklavik; the rest are likely to be drawn from other parts of the Delta, probably Fort McPherson, Tuktoyaktuk, Arctic Red River.

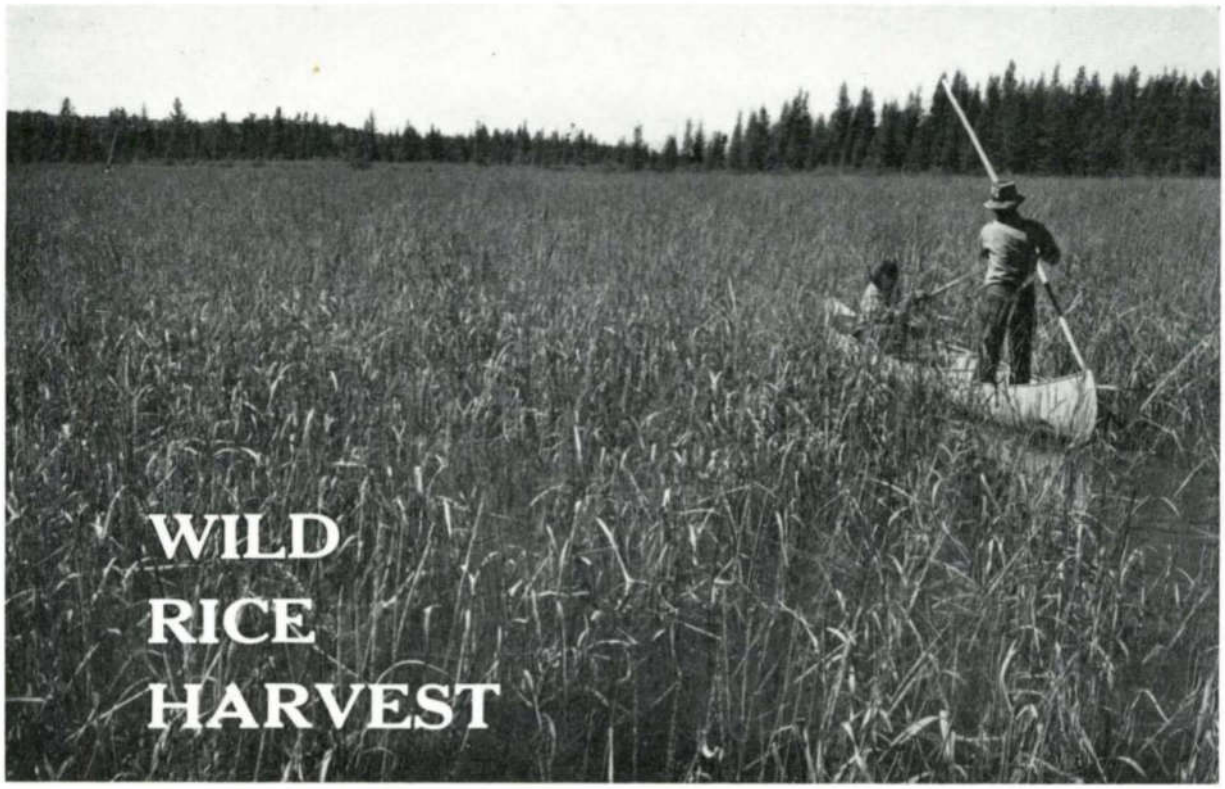
No one will be encouraged to drift into Inuvik and hang around on the chance of picking up a job. Slum areas and unemployment are two scourges that those responsible for the town will strive to avoid at all costs. But this is not always easy in the Arctic; almost inevitably a transition period occurs while ways of life are in early stages of change.

For many, the friendly services of the Inuvik Rehabilitation Centre will help to bridge difficult periods for individuals as well as families. A Regional Supervisor of Welfare has been appointed and the "Rehab." Centre is expected to be in operation in the spring of 1961. There, activities will become as broad as the community's needs, not limited to child and family welfare.

Job opportunities are only one aspect of Inuvik's future. An economic survey of the Aklavik-Inuvik area made in 1959 was devoted mainly to studying the land and sea resources of the Delta and the arctic coast, and possible methods whereby they could be developed more profitably for, and by, the people of the region.

The Delta country teems with game—muskrat, mink, fox, marten. White whales, seal and fine-flavoured arctic char abound along the coast. All these resources may have commercial possibilities still to be more thoroughly explored. Resource inventories and economic research are still new to the north, but enough evidence exists in other countries to prove how a new look at processing, marketing, and distribution may be made to pay off. This is a side of western arctic development likely to receive a lot more attention as time goes on.

This is not a place that people from "the outside" came into the Delta and built, single-handed and unhelped. It is a town that people from north and south worked on together from the outset. And the richest resource that Inuvik, or any other town, can hope to have is the kind of people who live there. ◆



# WILD RICE HARVEST

**PICTURE STORY BY FRED MORGAN**

IN the fall of the year, when the birds are flying south and the trees are gloriously tinted, there comes a time of harvest on the quiet lakes set about the Great Lakes country. Then, in older times, bands of Algonkian and Siouan people would gather to bring in the good grain that rose from the waters.

The wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*), really a grass, was an important supplement to the meat produced by the hunt, for it could be carried easily and could be kept against the lean times. Not only was it a source of food for the Indians, it enabled the explorers to extend their journeys, and it was vital to the traders who spread into the country. They could carry only limited supplies from the east and were it not for wild rice they would have faced starvation before they reached the plains and the buffalo. Alexander Henry, venturing into the northwest for the Indian trade in 1775 admits that "the voyage could not have been prosecuted to its completion" without the supply of wild rice acquired from the Indians at Lake of the Woods.

Father Marquette, on his expedition with Joliet in 1673, describes in detail this "sort of grass" growing in small rivers and swampy places which "the Savages Gather and prepare for food in the month of September." He tells how they shook the ears growing on the hollow stems into their canoes, dried it on a grating over a slow fire, and trod the grain to separate the straw. He also approved of the taste. How essential this food was to the traders was shown when David Thompson wrote more than a hundred years later of a wintering partner of the North West Company: "Mr. Sayer and his Men passed the whole winter on wild rice and maple sugar, which keeps them alive, but poor in flesh." It was, he said; "a weak food, those who live for months on it enjoy good health, are moderately active, but very poor in flesh." However, he was enthusiastic about the wildfowl that fed upon the rice for they, he wrote, "became very fat and well tasted." Wildfowl and wild rice are still associated as a tasty dish but they usually arrive separately on the platter.

Daniel Harmon wrote of the wild rice in the waters between Rainy Lake and Lake Winnipeg when he was there in 1804, saying that it constituted a principal article of food at the posts in the vicinity and in ordinary seasons

1,200 to 1,500 bushels of it were purchased annually from the Indians.

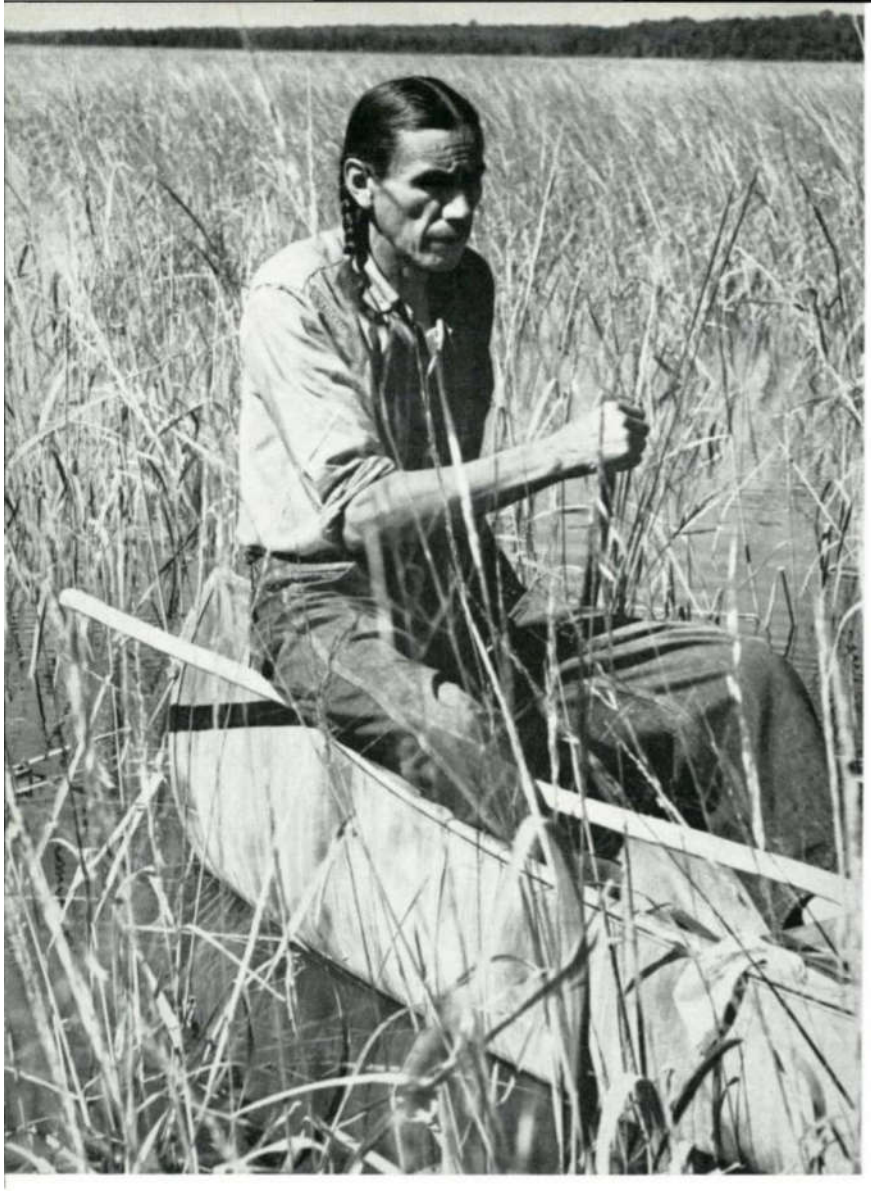
Although the Indians made such use of wild rice, both as food and for its trading value, they would not cultivate it though some people, during the gathering, would wrap a few seeds in clay and throw them into the water. But the Menomini, whose very name proclaims their dependence on wild rice (*meno*, good; *min*, a grain, seed) would never sow it for they would never willingly "wound their mother, the earth."

Today some Ojibwa Indians still gather along the shore where wild ducks flare out of the waving rice that stands tall in September days. Wild ricing is a significant event to them and they go about it with methods hardly changed from those of their ancestors. Aluminum canoes may have replaced birch-barks, and iron kettles have taken the place of pottery, but wild rice time otherwise remains very much the same. Not only do they prefer hand-processed rice, but they enjoy the art that prepares good rice, an art that gives the satisfaction it has always given the Ojibwa to work with hands and heart to be sure of a job well done.

The people in the pictures on these pages are from the Lac Court Oreilles reservation, south of the western tip of Lake Superior in northwestern Wisconsin, and most of them are related. Ricing was always a family affair and an occasion for a big gathering. For many of the older ones, the annual rice harvest is a welcome step into the past, away from civilization back to their youth, camping and

*Canoes are paddled, more often poled, through the shallow water. John Barber (opposite page) poles his 70-year-old wife, Nancy, into a bay of wild rice.*

*Frances Mike, who has six children, bends rice over the canoe with her left hand and knocks off the grains with three beats of her right. Her sticks keep a steady rhythm as she alternates from one side to the other. The light, tapered sticks are made from birch.*



*Where the rice is thinner, Charles Belille (left) rests his pole and paddles slowly. Unlike most of the Court Oreilles band of Ojibwa, he wears his hair in traditional braids.*

*The hollow-stemmed wild rice, called menomin by the Ojibwa, grows from three to five feet or more high in water depths of eighteen to twenty-four inches where the bottom is soft, silty mud. As George Coon beats the rice, grains drop in the water, seeding next year's crop and providing food for migrating ducks. In this manner the Ojibwas have been practising natural conservation for centuries.*

*Helma Belille protects her legs and ankles from the barbs and small white inch-worms with a sheet which also catches the rice and later serves to bag it.*

sharing the work with their parents. So they are glad when the end of August arrives. Tamaracks have just begun their alchemy to gold; oaks and maples burn with fire against deep blue sky; an eagle soars above a distant hill of dark pines; best of all, the wild rice is ripe and ready to fall.

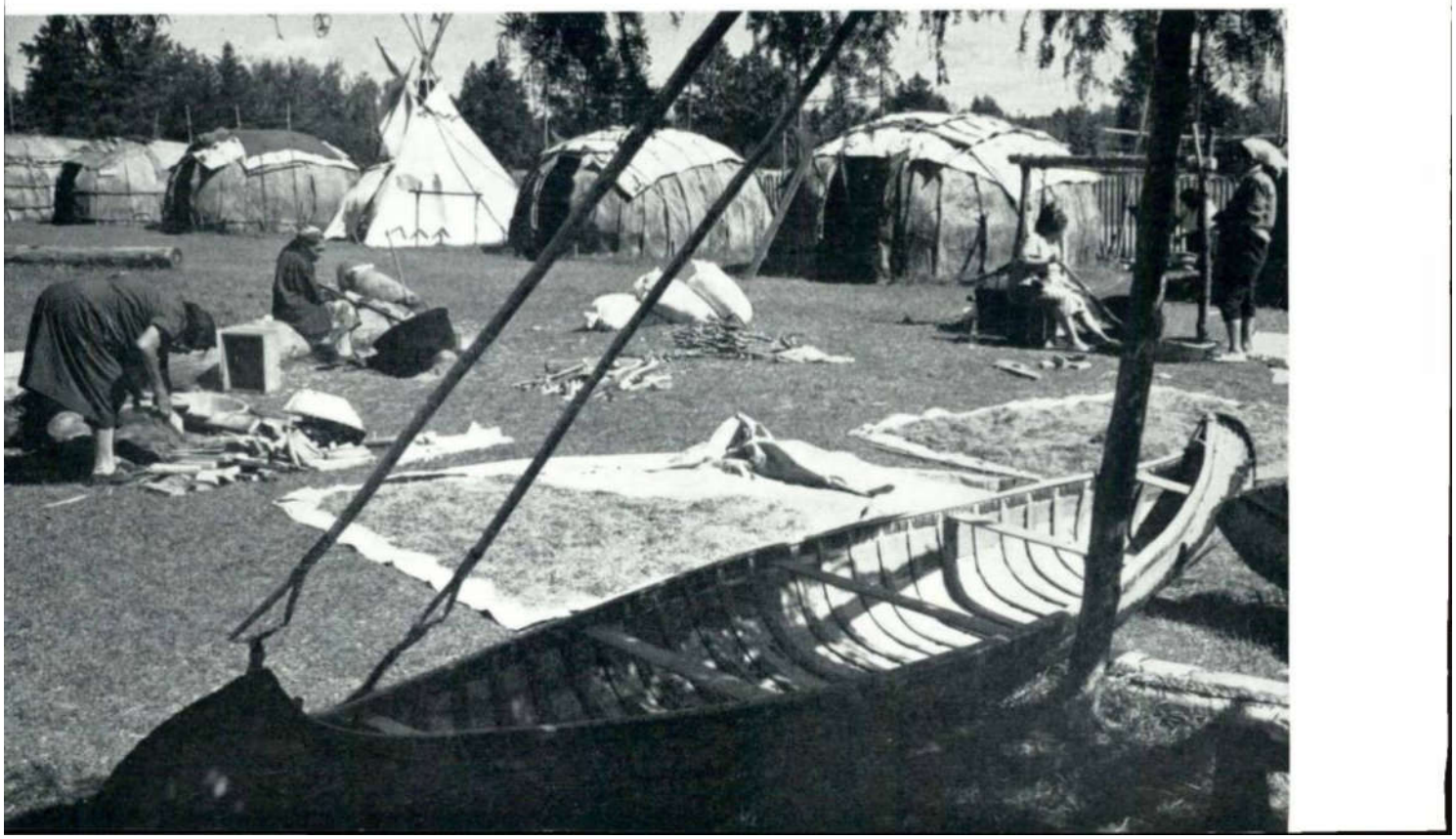
One of the ricers, John Barber, described how fifty years ago his family arrived at this same lake early enough in August to build their wigwams for the coming month. Then they paddled out in their canoes and tied clumps of the green rice together to ripen more fully, protected against wind and wildfowl. This way the rice would grow very large and ripe without falling and John said this made the very best eating. Each family had its own area to tie and harvest and this made gathering easier because ten or fifteen plants held together could all be knocked into the canoe at once. John also remembers the rush bags made by the women to store the finished rice for the winter—a staple food as long as it lasted.

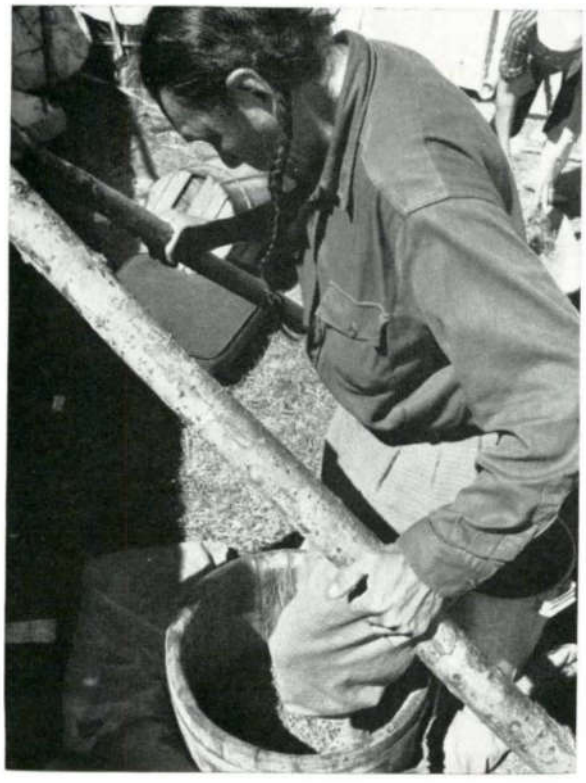
Superstitions developed over the years. Bill Barber remembers a long time ago being told by a medicine woman the rice crop would die because a widow took meat instead of having it served to her when her husband died. She was right. There was no crop that year; it rotted before it could be harvested. More than once Bill saw prophecies proved true because of somebody's mistake. (Actually the crop fluctuates considerably, being sensitive to weather and parasitic attack. Canadian production varies from 100,000 pounds to more than a million pounds in a year.)

The Court Oreilles Ojibwa take a fatalistic approach to the prospects of the crop, speaking always of how bad it will be. This stops only when they are in their canoes and the seeds are dropping off the stalks like rain slowly rising up around their feet. Then they are happy and work to their heart's content because nature has been good to them, and they will gather and give thanks when all the work is done. ◆

*As rice piles up in the canoe it generates heat. John Barber and his grandson, Jerome Mike loosen the heap. David Thompson watching the ricing in 1798, said a canoe held from ten to twelve bushels and it was so plentiful a man could fill his canoe three times a day, with pauses to smoke a pipe and sing a song between loads. Here, Jerome and his grandfather fill 70-pound bags from their canoe-full. Each canoe could make about $50 a day at 45 cents a pound for green rice.*

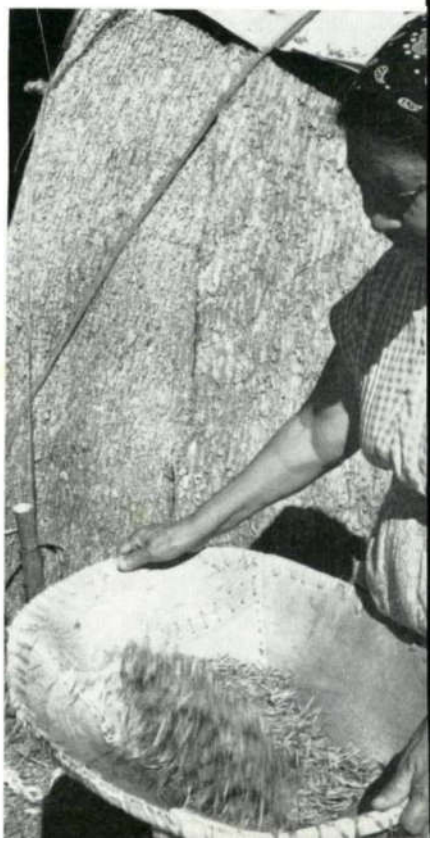
*Though most rice is sold green for commercial processing, some is taken to the Indian summer village for treatment in the Indian way. It is spread out on canvases to dry in the sun while women begin parching the 500 pounds collected the previous day. In the village a canvas tipi mixes with Ojibwa wigwams, these ones elm-bark covered, and a birch-bark canoe.*

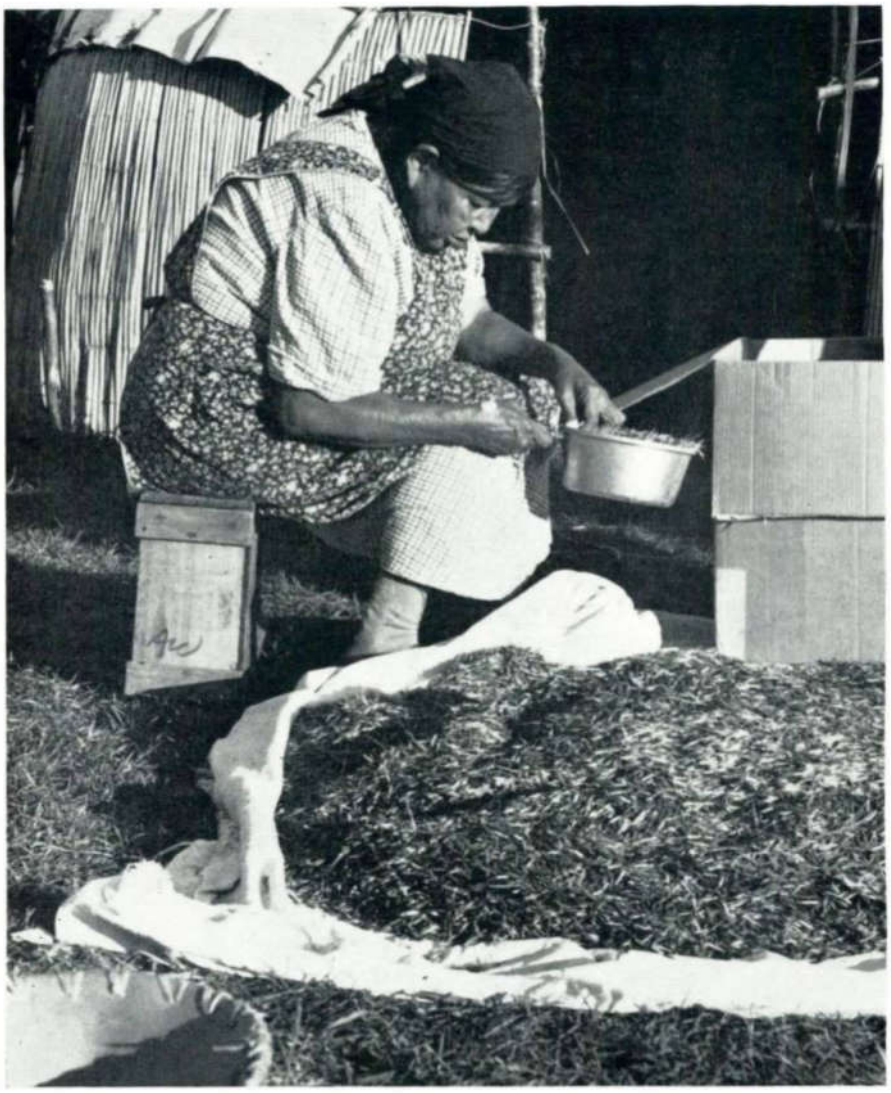




*Ida White, 76 years old, keeps the rice moving with her paddle, as it parches in an iron pot. Only ten pounds is dried out at a time, over a small fire, for twenty minutes. The continuous stirring all day long is tiring work.*

*Paul Wainus, a Menomini, holds the supporting poles as he tramps the parched rice in the time-honoured way to separate husks from grain. New moccasins are the traditional wear for this process.*





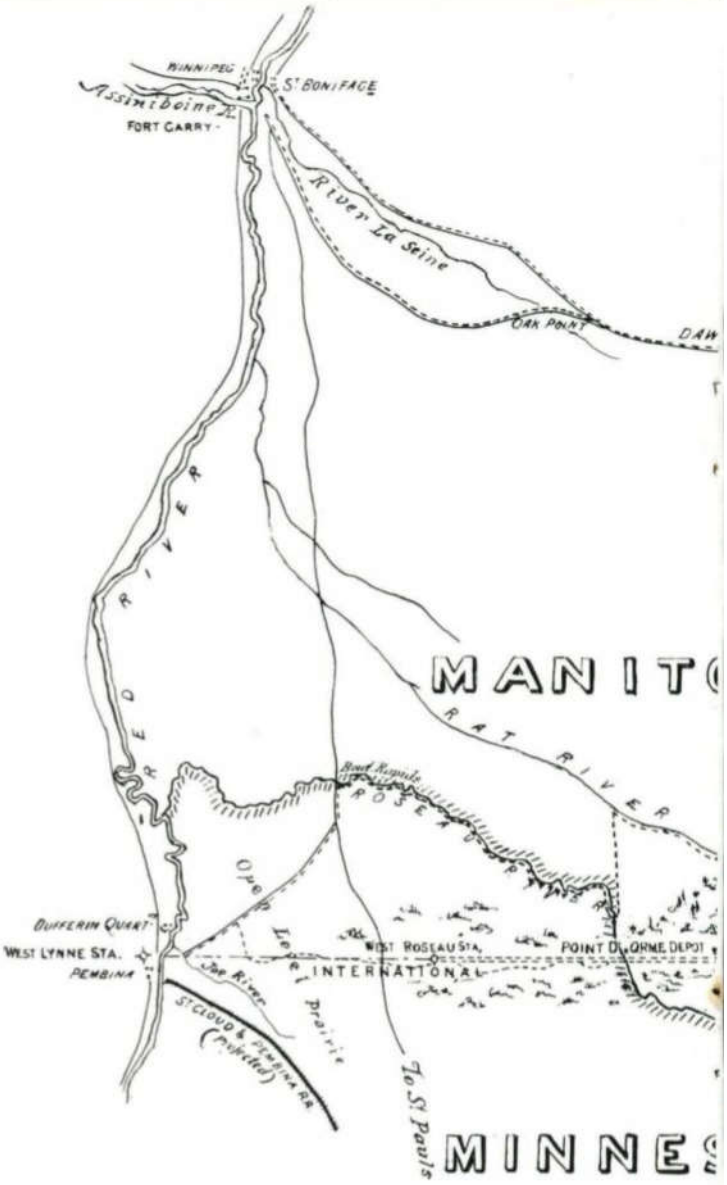
*Then comes a final inspection by Nancy Barber, who has gone ricing every autumn in her lifetime. She enjoys the harvesting and the processing, but most of all she enjoys the eating of her favourite food—wild rice.*

*When the rice has been trodden in the wooden bucket (it was formerly set on a skin in a depression in the ground) it is winnowed in a birch-bark basket by Jessie Coon.*

# THAT NORTHWEST ANGLE

BY MARJORIE FORRESTER

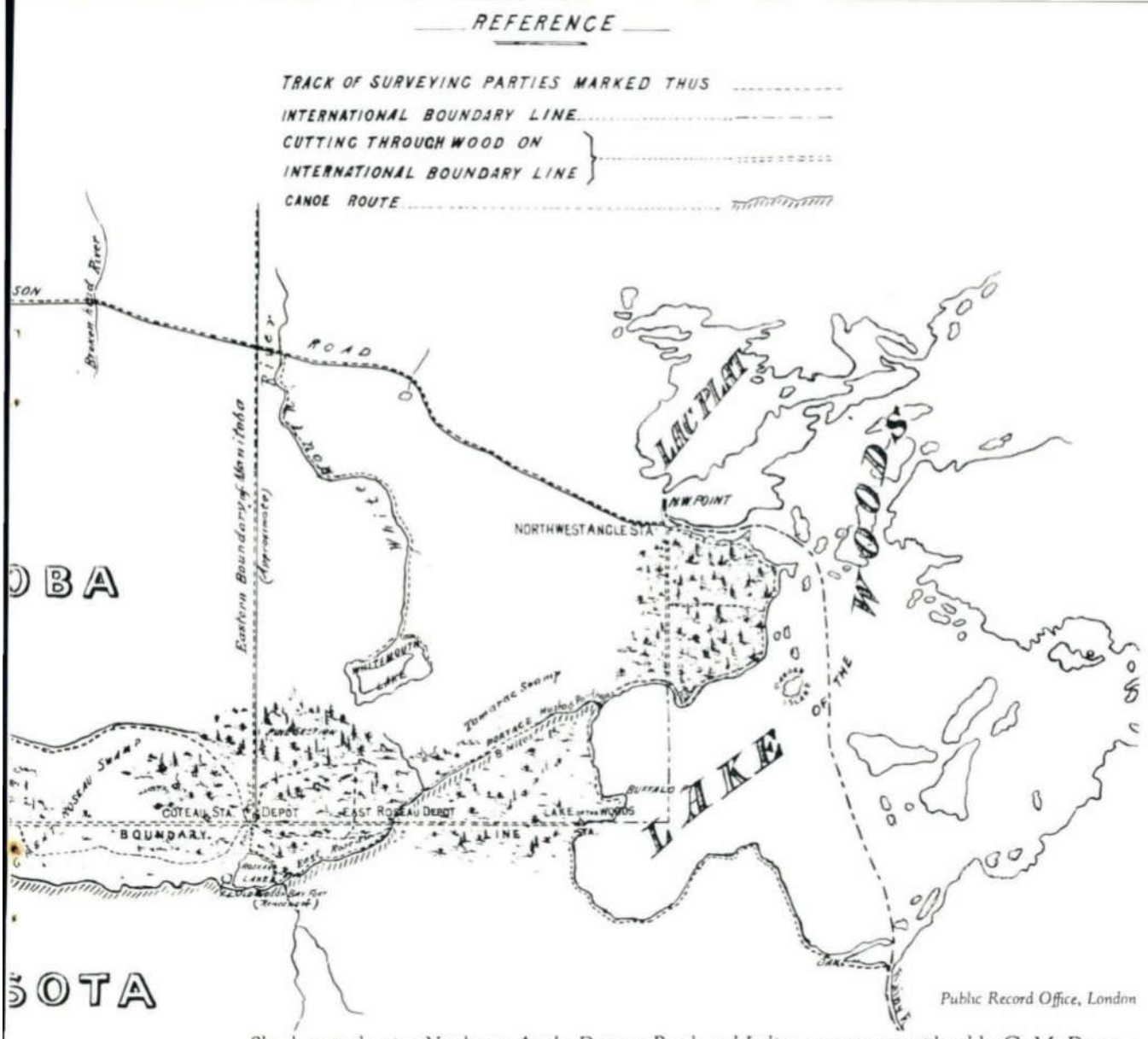
*The work of the North American Boundary Commission of 1872-5, set up to mark the border between Lake of the Woods and the Rockies, was described by Mrs. Forrester in the Spring Beaver. Here she writes about the small section of the boundary that caused most trouble and isolated a small piece of United States territory north of the 49th parallel. The photographs, taken during the Commission's work, are from Major Cameron's report to the Foreign Office, courtesy of the Public Archives of Canada.*



*Site of reference monument in the Northwest Angle.*

WHEN the British government agreed, in 1871, to set up a joint commission with the American government to mark the International Boundary from the northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, it was aware "that the meridian due south from that point seemed to cut off a piece of land, leaving it in United States Territory." The report of Col. J. S. Hawkins, head of the British Commission that had earlier marked the western boundary, added "This land should be retained for Canada if possible".

Captain D. R. Cameron of the Royal Artillery, was appointed British Commissioner in 1872, and was informed of this curious land situation. He was also told that it was beyond his scope to negotiate for it, but was asked to refrain from signing any agreement as to the location of the reference monument at the Northwest Angle until



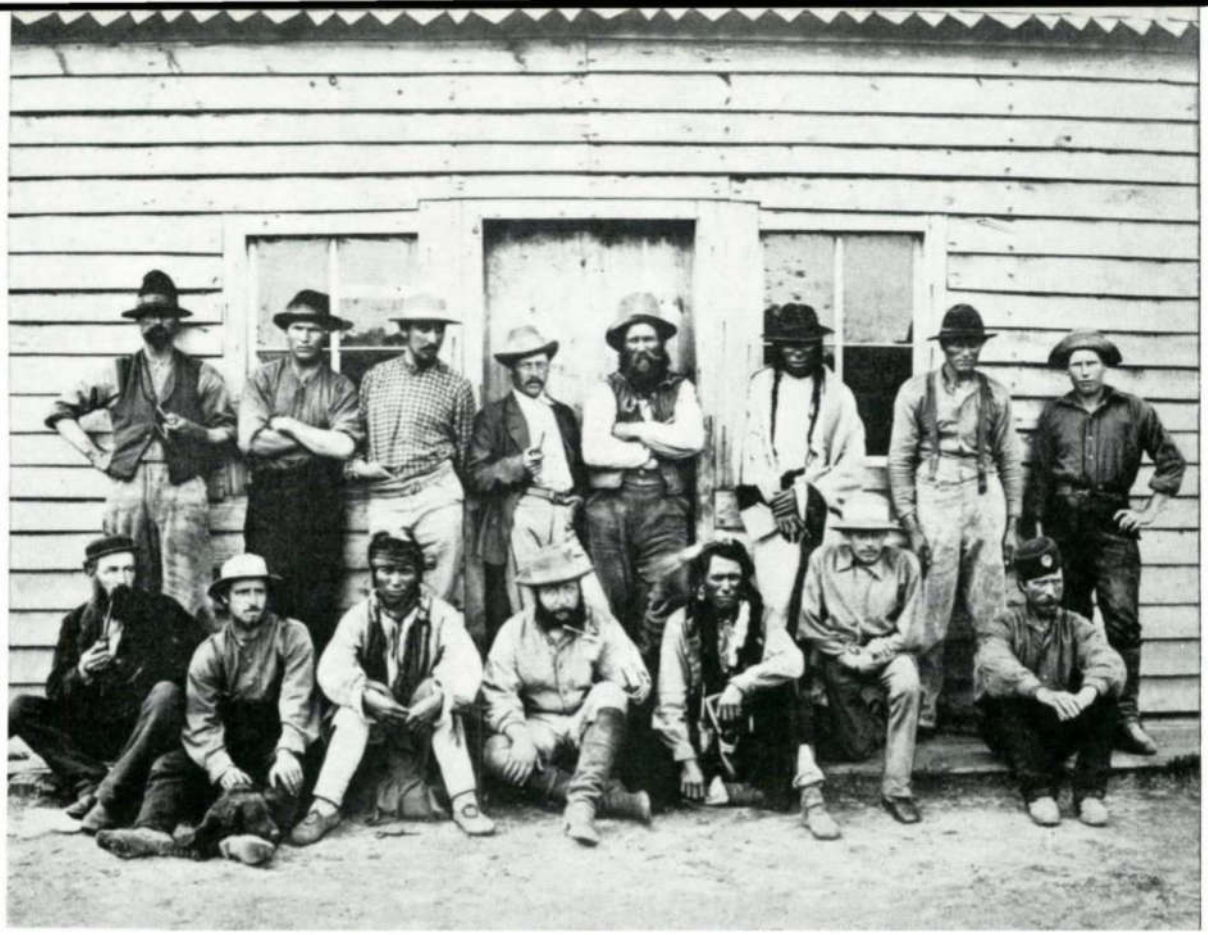

*Sketch map showing Northwest Angle, Dawson Road, and Indian canoe route explored by G. M. Dawson.*

his government was in possession of all the facts. This circumstance caused the new North American Boundary Commission more trouble than all the rest of the work put together.

First, it was necessary to locate the site of the monument erected in 1824 under the first commissioners to be assigned to settle the question, Mr. Porter for the Americans and Mr. Barclay for the British.

As soon as the British party was established at their headquarters at Dufferin on the Red River, the British and American commissioners with their chief astronomers, Captain Anderson, R. E. and Captain Twining, journeyed to the Northwest Angle, which they reached in October 1872. After much difficulty the site of the reference monument was found, though little of the log structure remained. A note in David Thompson's report, during his stay at the Angle in 1825, describes the monument as a crib of logs, eight feet square at the bottom, tapering towards the top. He stated that logs had been used because they could be carried in canoes, and would not sink in the swamp.

In accordance with his orders, Cameron would not agree to the authenticity of the old monument, but he did consent to have a sight line cut from the Angle due south. The line established the fact that the landing stage for the boats running on the Lake of the Woods, the Hudson's Bay post, and half a mile of the Dawson Road lay within the boundary of the United States. This was the road (largely lakes, rivers and portages) surveyed in 1857 by Simon J. Dawson and later used as a Canadian route from Port Arthur (Lake Superior) to Winnipeg. This boundary problem was responsible for keeping various groups of the British commission working at the Angle and vicinity throughout their years in Canada.



*Surveyor East's party at Northwest Angle, Lake of the Woods.*

The first work to be done was to survey and mark the boundary from the Angle to the 49th parallel, and west to the Red River. This was accomplished during the winter of '72-'73, and proved to be a very arduous task.

The second necessity was to find a suitable location for a new landing stage on the lake and a terminus for the Dawson Road on Canadian soil. This had to include a short road to connect with the old road. Every stream and ridge in the vicinity was thoroughly traversed. A poplar ridge was found north of the old landing which could be used by means of building a short road north, then west and then south to join original road.

In the meantime, Captain Anderson was asked to report on the feasibility of constructing an all-Canadian canal route from the Lake of the Woods to the mouth of the Roseau River. This was to be not only of service to the settlements along the Red River, but also to enable freighted vessels to pass from Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods, through the Roseau River, down the Red, up Lake Winnipeg and into the Saskatchewan River.

The first stage of this route had been previously explored, and now the commission geologist and botanist, George M. Dawson, was sent to explore the old canoe route which had been used by the warring Sioux and Ojibwa Indians.

This canoe route entered Reed or Muskeg River from the Lake of the Woods ten miles from the boundary and followed this river westerly about fifteen miles to its source in the swamp. Eight miles through the swamp and about four miles north of the border the route picked up a stream flowing southwesterly which crossed the boundary seventeen miles west of the Lake of the Woods. It continued to Roseau Lake six miles south of the boundary, and followed the Roseau, crossing the boundary again fifty-six miles west of the Lake of the Woods, to join the Red River ten miles north of the boundary. It was very tortuous. By direct boundary route the distance to Red River was eighty-eight and one half miles; by canoe route one hundred and sixty miles.

Besides the difference in distance, the first part of the canoe route was not favourable for canalling, and the next part was in Minnesota. It was thought that the best place for the canal would be to follow the boundary to the Roseau's second crossing, fifty-six miles west of the lake, then to take advantage of the river. This scheme would involve the excavation of a land canal fifty-six miles in length with a small amount of lockage and about eighty miles of the Roseau River with a great amount of lockage. The summer level of the Red River at the 49th parallel was found to be 750 feet above the sea, and the winter level

*Steamer landing for the Dawson Road, at the Angle.*

of the Lake of the Woods was 1,040 feet above the sea. There was a drop of 40 feet from the Lake of the Woods in the first forty-five miles and of 250 feet in the next forty-three miles.

The total cost of this canal was roughly estimated at £733,000.

On completion of the exploring, surveying, and estimating, Captain Anderson gave his opinion. He considered that it would be more practical to finish or change the Dawson Road than to build the canal, which would only be usable for a few months of each year.

Captain Anderson, however, suggested that the wisest plan would be to build a railroad far to the north. This would be safer in case of hostility between the Canadian and the American people, and would provide a comfortable mode of travel in all seasons.

Although Captain Cameron had been notified of the land situation at the Angle, and advised that any adjustments in the boundary were the responsibility of the governments involved, he was asked to give his opinion as to desirable changes. At this point Captain Cameron asked to be given all the records and maps from the earlier commissions, which were carefully studied. They were not very helpful, proving only that the agreements were drawn up when knowledge of the country was vague, the London

*Colonel Forrest's survey camp.*

*The family of Mr. McPherson, a trader at Northwest Angle who sometimes acted as interpreter.*

Convention of 1818 placing the western boundary as "a line drawn from the most northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods, along the forty-ninth parallel . . ." but admitting that it might be necessary to draw a line from that point "due north or south as the case may be" to reach the correct latitude. The maps of Porter and Barclay did not agree, and when Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton signed a boundary treaty in 1842 they did not include that trivial north and south line. It was always lost in larger issues.

The discovery of these discrepancies made Captain Cameron decide that there was a good basis for changing the boundary altogether in this vicinity. He suggested that the boundary be established to follow the Rainy River to the Lake of the Woods, then along the south shore of the lake to its intersection with the forty-ninth parallel. An alternative suggestion was to continue the line north from the mid-channel of the Rainy until it met the forty-ninth. This was less desirable because it would mean a water boundary.

Work was going on all this time to make a careful appraisal of the actual value of the land in question. D'arcy East, a topographer with the commission, classified it under: mineral wealth, agricultural capacity, timber growth, fisheries, facilities provided for communication within Manitoba, and between the east and west of Canada, fiscal arrangements involved in transfer, hindrance to fugitives from justice, advantage for military defence, and avoidance of international references which would result were the territory to become Canadian.

Cameron's report to his government stated that under the first four headings, that is, the natural resources of the Angle, there was nothing to make a change in the boundary desirable, but that otherwise the land was of great value to Canada.

*Ojibwa lodges on one of the islands in Lake of the Woods.*

Many dispatches circulated between London, Washington, and Canada, before the question was settled. The British government suggested that the piece of land be ceded to Canada by the United States, since it would only be a bill of expense to the Americans, but instructed Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, that if it be not ceded, then the Canadian government should be prepared to name a sum she would pay for it. Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister to Washington, had been instructed to sound out the American Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish, to see if anything could be arranged. Fish was not at all encouraging. He stated that the American people and their government would be reluctant to give up any part of their possessions. When next approached by Sir Edward, Mr. Fish said that he had discussed the idea of a change in the boundary with President Grant, but the proposal had not met with approval.

It was a time when rapid communication between the three governments was needed, but not available. There had been a telegraph line to Winnipeg since 1871, but often service was disrupted for weeks when prairie fires or storms brought down poles.

Cameron had from the first refused to sign agreement on the boundary at the Angle, but was finally ordered to do so. Too late, he received instructions to delay his assent. The Canadian government had decided that it would be willing to pay $25,000 for the land, an order-in-council to that effect being passed in November 1874. But with the slowness of communication, and the unwillingness of the American government to negotiate, no change was made and the incredible bulge on the boundary remains.

*Departure of the Commissioners from the Angle in United States Commission ambulance.*

When all the field work was done there remained the preparation of reports. These reports seemed longer than the boundary itself, so may only be mentioned briefly.

Dr. Burgess, in his medical report, tells that only two fatalities occurred among the commission, one being that of Charles Randall, a cook with Colonel Forrest's party. He was presumed to have died of a ruptured appendix when beyond the reach of a doctor. The other was William Wilson, who was instantly killed by a falling tree.

Several bad accidents occurred which caused temporary shortage of manpower. George Poulter was kicked by a horse, which resulted in a permanently stiff ankle. He was discharged and given $450 to enable him to start a small

business. Another case was Sapper McCammon. He was coming home from an evening at Pembina when his gun accidently discharged, injuring his eye so badly the sight was destroyed. Lieut. Rowe, R.E. was thrown when his horse stumbled in a badger hole, and had to be returned to England with a servant.

The diseases suffered by the men varied according to the localities in which they were working. There were the usual afflictions of snow-blindness, frost-bite and rheumatism in the swamp country; delirium tremens, and venereal disease at headquarters near the settlement, and trouble from alkaline water in the west. Unusual were cases of malaria in the Turtle mountains. Besides his regular work, Dr. Burgess treated many Indians who frequently suffered from lung ailments.

Dr. Millman was the assistant medical officer, and Dr. Burgess also had a servant and five teamsters. His equipment consisted of horses, two spring carts, four ambulances which were good except that their wheels were set too far apart for the trails, so were rough for the passengers, two water carts with zinc-lined boxes instead of the barrels on wheels which served the other parties. The outfit also contained two bell tents, two Hudson's Bay tents and one hospital tent or marquee. Besides this, each depot was furnished with a medicine kit in which were explicit directtions for the treatment of such common accidents or illnesses as would most likely be encountered.

Geologist G. M. Dawson gave a minute description of the flora of the country, as well as depths and types of soil along the boundary, and collected samples of grasses and flowers. He was probably the first to report the deposit of coal in what is now southern Saskatchewan. His published report contained much information about the West.

Veterinarian Dr. Boswell overcame almost insurmountable difficulties in carrying out his duties. In the spring of 1873 he had the task of bringing a large number of horses up from Ontario. The streams were so swollen that the horses had to swim them. None were lost. Dr. Burgess insisted on ample rations for his animals, and suggested shorter hauls between depots, with days of rest after specially arduous duty.

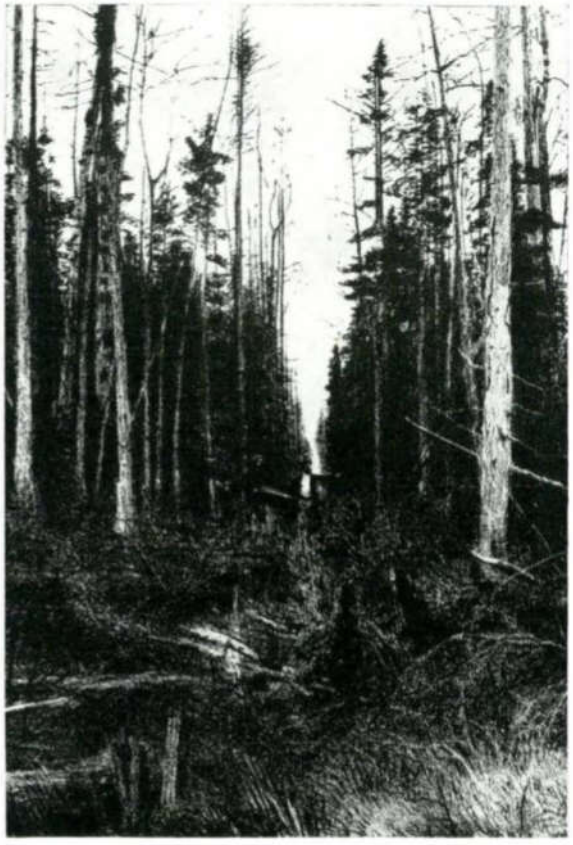
Captain L. W. Herchmer won great praise for his efficiency in keeping the supplies for the men and livestock at the various depots in all kinds of weather and over very bad trails. During the operations of '73 his supply line was over four hundred miles in length and in '74 it was over eight hundred miles. Besides basic stores, excerpts from the ledger show that whisky was sold at seventy-five cents a bottle, pocket handkerchiefs at six for eighty-four cents, a moose hide for $6.65 and twelve tins of preserved fruit of the lime for $5.40.

Men and animals back at Dufferin when the work of the Boundary Commission was finished in 1874 were: 16 officers, 22 staff and N.C.O.'s, 219 men, 114 horses, 55 ponies, and 210 oxen, with 179 vehicles and 66 tents. There the men had to hand in the clothing and ammunition that had been issued them. The clothing included skin suits, blankets and a buffalo robe each, knee boots, ankle boots, snowshoes and moccasins, waterproof leggings and a black neck tie besides ordinary clothing.

Many of the supplies were left and were taken over for use by the newly formed North West Mounted Police, and the property of Fort Dufferin was acquired by the Canadian government to be used as an immigration centre.

The final step in the establishing of Her Majesty's North American Boundary was taken when the Imperial government received, on 5th May 1876, the sum of £27,478-16-1 as Canada's share of the cost of the commission. Later that month the protocol concerning the whole southern boundary was signed in London. ◆

*Cutting on meridian northwest point Lake of the Woods.*



# LEARNING FOR EARNING

BY LESLIE SMITH

*Mr. Smith has travelled widely on reserves across Canada and approaches his subject as a layman seeking to understand the problems of the Indian. He is a civil servant in Ottawa.*

Photographs courtesy Dept. of Citizenship & Immigration.

CHIEF Victor Bennett of the Spanish River Band, a forty-year-old veteran of the woods, has been going back to school. His principal aim: to learn arithmetic. Along with four other men of the Sault Ste. Marie Indian Agency, he was chosen to take a scaler's course at the Ontario Lands and Forests school at Dorset. To bring their schooling up to par, the five persuaded a reserve teacher to coach them at night. One, best man at a wedding, was so keen not to miss a single night that he deserted the celebrations to attend class.

Reg Kelly, an official of the Indian Affairs Branch and himself a Haida Indian, admits: "At last we are waking up to the stark fact that if we want to get ahead, we must educate ourselves."

This story has two parts. It tells of the remarkable stride in the field of Indian education and explains how the new placement program helps young Indians to find jobs.

"All too often in the past," one Indian Affairs official told me, "have we congratulated ourselves for persuading more Indians to go to high school. Then these youngsters would drift back to the reserves, only to take seasonal jobs which they could have done anyway, without any schooling. Now we're waking up to the fact that we can't just push Indian students out of school and expect them to go and get jobs like white boys and girls. We've got to help them cross the bridge between the Indian and non-Indian world. Often it's a long way across." This is why the placement program was set up in 1957. To make it successful, however, it must be able to offer employers qualified young people.

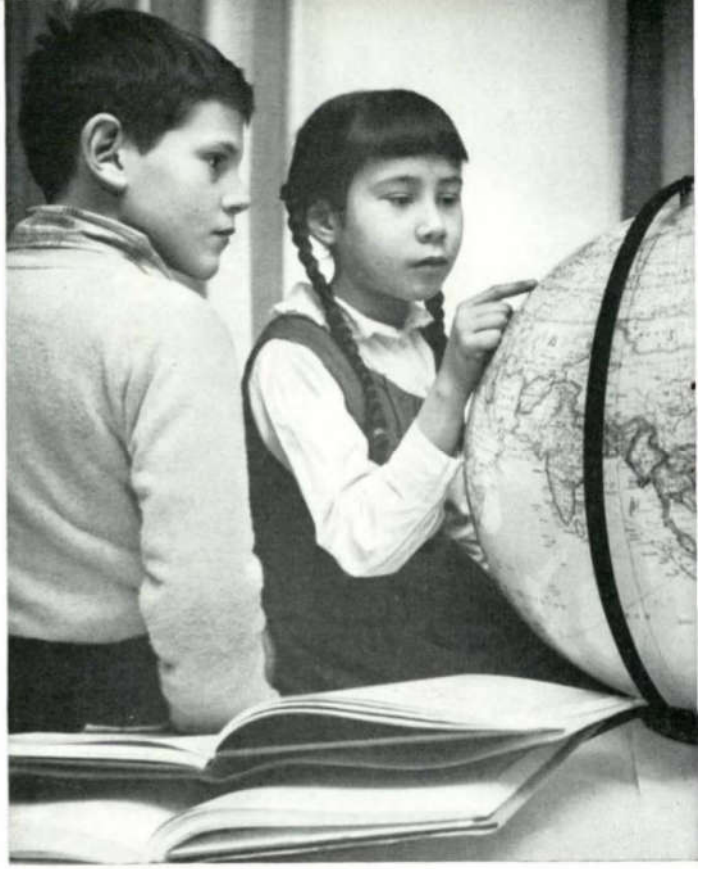
Ten years ago 24,000 Indian children went to school. Today there are 41,000. Of these, 19,174 are in day schools on the reserves; 9,109 in residential schools, which are boarding schools for children who need institutional care; 401 at hospital schools; 773 attending seasonal schools whenever their nomadic parents gather for the summer; and 11,500 attending provincial white schools.

Two significant developments have emerged over the last decade. First is the increasing number of youngsters going on to high school and beyond; second is the revolutionary but quiet integration of Indians into white schools. Today one out of four Indian students attends a white school. Prejudice in Canada has been local, rather than regional.

Although some Canadian communities have little to be proud of, the majority of school boards have accepted Indians, at first with hesitation and later more wholeheartedly, as they proved to have aptitudes little different from white pupils.

At the end of the war, when the government began to provide more money for Indian services, only a handful of Indians had ever been to high school. Ten years ago this had increased to 600. This year there are over 2,100. This is still shockingly small. But the drop-outs in elementary grades are fantastic. In the school year ending

*Gloria Cranmer (above), granddaughter of the Kwakiutl carver, Mungo Martin, is the only woman counsellor for the John Howard Society. She is a university graduate in anthropology.* Vancouver Sun



*Karen Smith, 7-year-old Ojibwa, and Roy Dunn attend a school in Sarnia where white and Indian children have been learning together for six years past.*
*Sarnia Observer*

June 1958, 3,615 Indian pupils were enrolled in grade one in day schools; but there were only 527 in grade eight. In the residential schools 1,491 were enrolled in grade one, only 236 in grade eight. Of the 17,000 children in Indian day schools that year, 4,000 were not promoted. Of these, 1,250 were listed as "very slow learners"; 459 were refused promotion because of lack of application; 464 because of language difficulties, and 427 had fallen behind because they had stayed, or been kept, at home. It is only fair to point out that just over 600 were not promoted because they had spent less than a year in their present grade. The pattern is the same for residential schools, except for lack of attendance.

In the 1956-7 academic year, over 1,000 Indian students dropped out of day school before they reached grade nine, the largest number leaving after grade six. Of these 349 boys and 71 girls quit to go to work, mostly in seasonal farming, hunting or fishing jobs, and 646 left chiefly to help at home or for unknown causes. Ninety-

*An Algonkian of the Abenaki Confederacy, Jean-Paul Nolet is a highly rated French-language announcer in Montreal.*

two left to go home and do nothing. The pattern is similar in residential school drop-outs.

What is worth noting—for it pinpoints the differences between Indian groups—is the drop-outs by provinces. The lowest drop-out rate is in southern Ontario where the reserves have existed for a long time near industrial communities such as Brantford, Belleville or Sault Ste. Marie. The greatest drop-out rate is in Manitoba and northern Ontario where so many Indians live in isolated communities or go to the scattered schools fanning north towards James Bay in the Sioux Lookout Agency.

These youngsters are going back to their reserves to get married, help at home, work in seasonal farming or logging jobs, to trap or hunt. Some remain idle. They will never integrate into Canadian society; probably they do not want to. They will continue to perpetuate the seasonal, subsistence type of life of their parents. This is their choice.

But today more and more youngsters are staying for longer periods at school and being persuaded to push on to provincial high schools. Slowly, over the last decade, this integration has been seeping down into the lower grades. There are now no schools on the Batchawana Reserve for example, for all the pupils are driven to Sault Ste. Marie. All schools have been closed on the the Sarnia Reserve. All over Canada Indian reserve classrooms are gradually being closed as the youngsters are accepted into white schools. Usually the Indian Affairs school inspectors make informal arrangements for space with local school boards. Where large numbers of Indians are involved a more formal "joint" agreement is signed under which the federal government pays its share of capital costs for any new classrooms. There are over eighty "joint" agreements in Canada. Some school boards have approached integration in an enlightened and constructive way, like those at Portage la Prairie, Man., Port Alberni, B.C., Wallaceburg, Ont., or Truro, Nova Scotia. One B.C. board recently turned down a petition

from ratepayers at Shelley, protesting the admittance of Indians into the community schools. "We're not having discrimination here," was the chairman's forthright comment.

But some Canadians are reluctant to have Indians sit side by side with their youngsters. This spring a new non-Indian school was opened at Mount Brydges, near London. The trustees at first had agreed to take Indian children, then were forced to renounce under pressure from the taxpayers. Indian Affairs Branch had to spend $225,000 to build its own Indian school, thus perpetuating segregated schooling at the Caradoc Agency.

Some opposition also comes from the Indians themselves. Three years ago the Garden River Ojibwas near Sault Ste. Marie fought integration bitterly, claiming that their children would be spurned by white pupils. Actually they were annoyed because the white officials had never consulted the Indian parents. Now all bands must first agree to integration before an approach is made to a white school board.

Recently the Alberta Catholic Indian League unanimously claimed that integration is "wholly unsatisfactory" and only widened the breach between Indian and non-Indian. The Indian Association of Alberta last year suggested a "go slow" policy on integration. Chief David Crowchild of the Sarcees said the government was trying to "run" the Indians too fast and forcing them "to do things they can't manage."

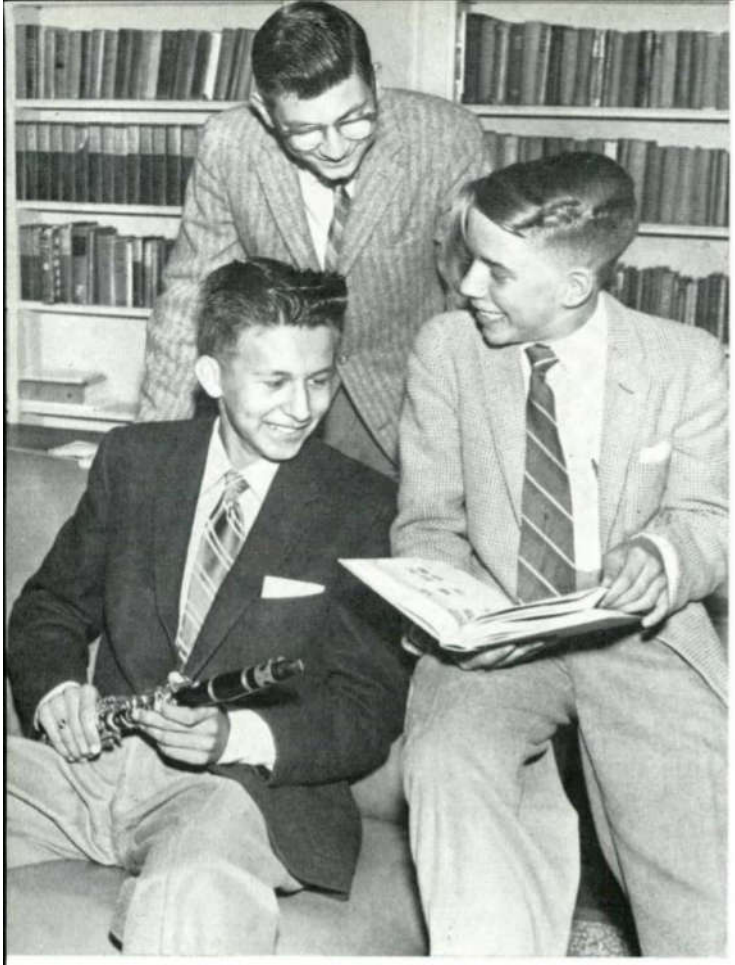
Chief Councillor E. P. Garlow of the Six Nations Iroquois says "the time is not yet ripe" for integration, although teen-agers have been successfully attending high schools in three white local communities for many years. One, Barry Hill, last year won a coveted $1,000 open scholarship to attend Upper Canada College, noted Toronto private school.

Indian Affairs' policy is to give the Indian as much schooling as he can absorb—or wants. "Some Indians think we are forcing them off the reserves," one senior official told me. "We must, if integration means anything, but only if they want to leave voluntarily. Our big job is to educate the youngsters. If they want to return to the reserves, that's up to them. But if they want to earn a living in our society, they're reasonably well equipped. Before they started going to high schools, and especially to white schools, they had no choice. They vegetated on reserves because they weren't fitted to compete off them."

Senator James (Many Guns) Gladstone, a successful Blood rancher, says: "When an Indian is sent to an Indian school and mixes only with people of his own race, he does not get the training necessary for him to compete in the world around him. It is my belief that no schools—particularly for high school pupils—should be built on the reserves."

The government is realizing at last that simply educating an Indian is not enough. If he goes to a white school he has taken one step towards accepting a white, Western culture. His next step is to get a job, and to hold it, in a highly competitive world. In 1957 Indian Affairs Branch appointed placement officers in Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton, and Vancouver. Now there are others in Amherst, N.S., Quebec City, North Bay, and Saskatoon. Their main job is to select young students finishing high school, steer them into steady, year-round jobs, and to be father confessors and chaperones as the Indians are adjusting to city life. They must also convince employers that they should accept Indians.

*The Hon. Ellen Fairclough, Minister in charge of Indian Affairs, and Prime Minister J. G. Diefenbaker with three scholarship winners: Clare Clifton Brant, Mohawk of the Bay of Quinte Band who will go to Queen's University, Ross Oke of the Oka Band, and Geraldine Resoule of the Dokis Band.* *Capital Press*



*Barry Hill, a Mohawk of the Six Nations, with his clarinet, won an open scholarship for four years at Upper Canada College. He intends to study engineering.*
*Gilbert A. Milne*

candidate is hand picked. If successful they are the best ambassadors of goodwill when they return to their homes for weekends. Even so, Boisvert reported that ten candidates had dropped out of the program early this year. Two had gone back to school—which didn't worry him—one got married, two never came to register with the National Employment Service, one was fired for drinking, and four quit their jobs because they were unable to adjust to a competitive non-Indian society.

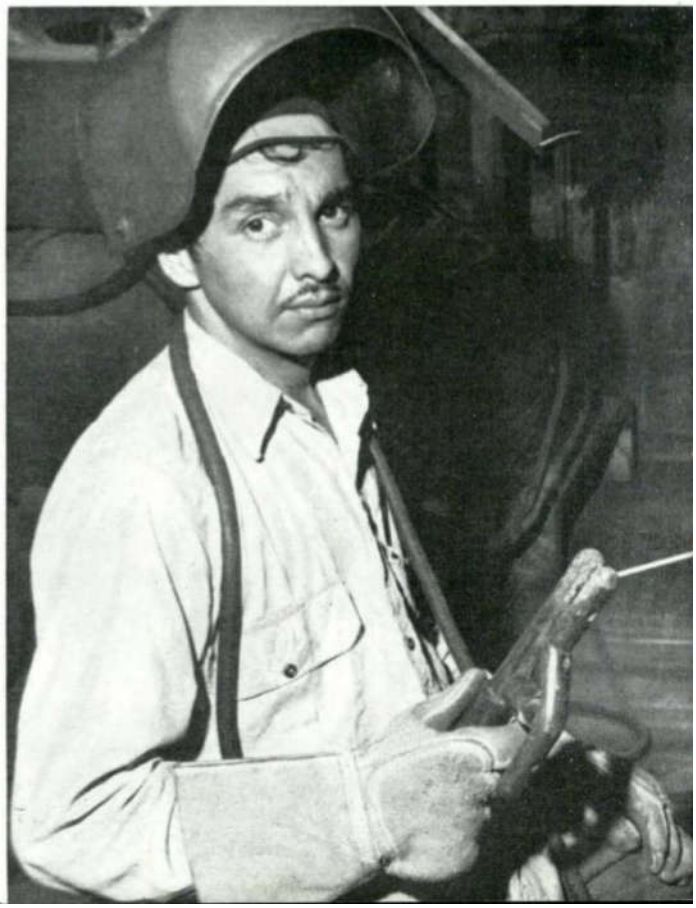
The only fault with the placement program is that it was not started sooner.

One Indian Affairs official put it bluntly when he told me: "You've got to forget about the middle-aged and older Indians. Their work patterns are set. You can help them with their fishing and trapping, logging and farming, but you can't change them—and I don't see why you should. But you can do a great deal to steer the younger ones into steady employment."

Doug Jackson, of Ottawa, senior placement officer, is realistic enough to know that only a handful of teen-age Indians will be entering the placement program over the next few years. The program has to be become known and "sold" to Indians, especially parents. Furthermore, there is a chronic need for more placement officers in places like Montreal, the Lakehead, London and Calgary. Fransen, for instance, has 450 young people in southern Ontario who are potential placement candidates. Without help, he can do only so much.

Roger Jones, a personable 19-year-old Ojibwa from the Shawanaga Reserve on Georgian Bay, went up to grade 10 in Parry Sound High School, then left to do seasonal construction work on a provincial highway passing through his reserve. The Toronto placement officer, Jack Fransen, a patient, understanding man, scouted him out, suggested he go to Toronto for a business course. Jones did, passed the 10-months course in eight months and is now doing accounting for a chain of clothing stores. "If only I had realized the value of education I would have stayed in school longer," says Roger. He is typical of most young people in the placement program.

To date 627 young people have been brought into the program, which is expanding every year. Arnold Boisvert was appointed placement officer for northern Ontario in September 1958. He concentrated on the north shore area from the Soo to North Bay, spent a year doing public relations work among the Indians and with employers. After twelve months he had placed six young people in jobs. "Frankly, I was disappointed with my work," he admits. But his efforts are now paying off. Today there are 39 working in plants like International Nickel or Algoma Steel, and six awaiting placement. It may seem a small number for northern Ontario but every



*After two years work in a sulphuric acid plant, Wilfred Commanda left to learn a trade, taking a course in welding at Sudbury.*

*Gloria Akiwenzie, Ojibwa of the Nawash Band, was a public health nurse before her appointment with the Ontario Society for Crippled Children, where 700 children in several counties are under her supervision.*

Some Indian young people will always want to live on the reserve under the outdoor type of casual-intermittent work patterns of their ancestors. That may be the answer for most Indians for many years yet.

There are a few places on the reserves for bright young Indians to go into business for themselves. The Blood Band built a store on the reserve, then rented it to a non-Indian. "We couldn't agree who should run it so we rented it to a white man," one Blood told me.

There are opportunities for school bus operators, taxi drivers or store keepers. Roddy Vincent Tait of the Gitlakdamix Band in B.C., for example, has the postal carrier contract for his territory.

A staggering $15,000 a month went into relief at Caradoc Agency near London, Ont., this past winter. Forty-five per cent of the families were on relief; others were drawing unemployment insurance. It is an agency plagued by employment problems. But there is one ray of hope: buses take thirty-five teen-agers in to London secondary schools. One, blond-haired Betty Jewel, told a television audience recently: "I want to go to teachers' college or nursing school. I want to help my own people." Another, Delbert Riley, said: "I'm aiming for university." He was disappointed because his last year's average mark was "only" 72 per cent.

Carl R. Latham, a Delaware of the Six Nations, in a thesis study on the southern Ontario placement program shortly after its inception, found that of the eleven candidates interviewed, over half wanted more education or training. Some were quite ambitious. Latham himself says that "the tremendous program of education sponsored by the Indian Affairs Branch can become a travesty unless the Indian people have reason to believe that education enables them to earn a living and to live a fuller life."

Recently the former Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, J. W. Pickersgill, remarked that it is not just a question of schooling, but also of opportunity after school. "We should not just abandon them to go back to what all too often turns out to be a road to something rather close to delinquency." Referring to a visit he made to a residential school, Pickersgill told the House of Commons: "I was shocked. . . . It never occurred to me before that when these children reached the school-leaving age they just went back to the reserve to which they belonged. . . . There was no sympathetic attempt to follow them up to see that they got into constructive lines of employment." The placement program is the first constructive attempt to solve this problem.

Unfortunately there are thousands of Indians on the reserves who have never made productive use of the education they have received. That is why the placement program *must* be a success. When it was started, the placement officers had to go to the Indian; now there is evidence that band councils and parents are approaching the government of their own volition, on behalf of their teen-agers. "We don't want relief; we want the opportunity to get jobs," Chief Alfred Cook of Manitoba's Bloodvein Band told an Indian-Metis Conference in Winnipeg this spring.

There will always be some jobs on most reserves which will provide an assured and adequate income. Most men of the small Dokis Band near North Bay, for example, are very successfully operating their own commercial timber-cutting. Apart from wages, which have slashed relief, the band has been able to provide money for housing from timber dues. Fifty other northern Ontario bands cut timber commercially. But it is generally true that if

*First chief of the Six Nations Reserve to be elected, J. S. Powless is now superintendent of an Ontario Indian Agency. Two of the older residents discuss a problem with him.*
*Gwendolin Jones*

he wants to get ahead, the young Indian must find his employment away from the reserve. This is the main reason why young people are entering the placement program, even though, after the first flush of city life has passed, most would prefer to live in smaller places, or find employment on a reserve.

The young people can move more easily into urban centres, but there are some older people who think this way too. Stanley and Dorothy Jean McKay of the Fisher River Reserve in Manitoba have five children. One daughter is married, two are teachers, and two in high school. After some long and thoughtful discussions they moved to Winnipeg, even though Stanley had a job in a local store. "There was very little the reserve had to offer," they say. Both have found satisfactory city jobs and a comfortable apartment.

There are many more like the McKays—perhaps a great many more than Canadians think. People who proudly cite the achievements of Indians always point to the same well-known but tiny list of prominent men. They overlook, or do not know, of the contribution of hundreds of other Indians who have so successfully blended into Canadian life that it comes as a shock to realize they come from a people some of whom are still hunting and trapping for a living. I can think of Basil Johnson, from Cape Croker Reserve near Owen Sound, Ont., now membership manager of Metro Toronto Board of Trade; Gloria Akiwenzie of the same band who is a nurse for the Ontario Society for Crippled Children in Central Ontario, with 700 youngsters under her care; of Marlene Brant, a Tyendinaga Mohawk who took her master's degree in social work last year and now works in a city for the Children's Aid Society; of Gloria Cranmer, counsellor with the John Howard Society in Vancouver, and now in Calgary; of Marie-Paule Gros Louis of Village des Hurons near Quebec City, who was elected by Bell Telephone's "hello-girls" to bargain for them; of Reg Kelly from the remote Queen Charlotte Islands in B.C., who has charge of the $1,000,000 economic loan fund at Indian Affairs headquarters; of Harry Beauvais of Caughnawaga, senior executive of an automobile firm in Montreal; of Joe Hill, Six Nations supervising principal and head of the Elementary School Section of the Ontario Educational Association; of lawyers Norman Saylor of Montreal and William Wuttunee of Regina; of the 110 Indians employed as teachers by Indian Affairs Branch.

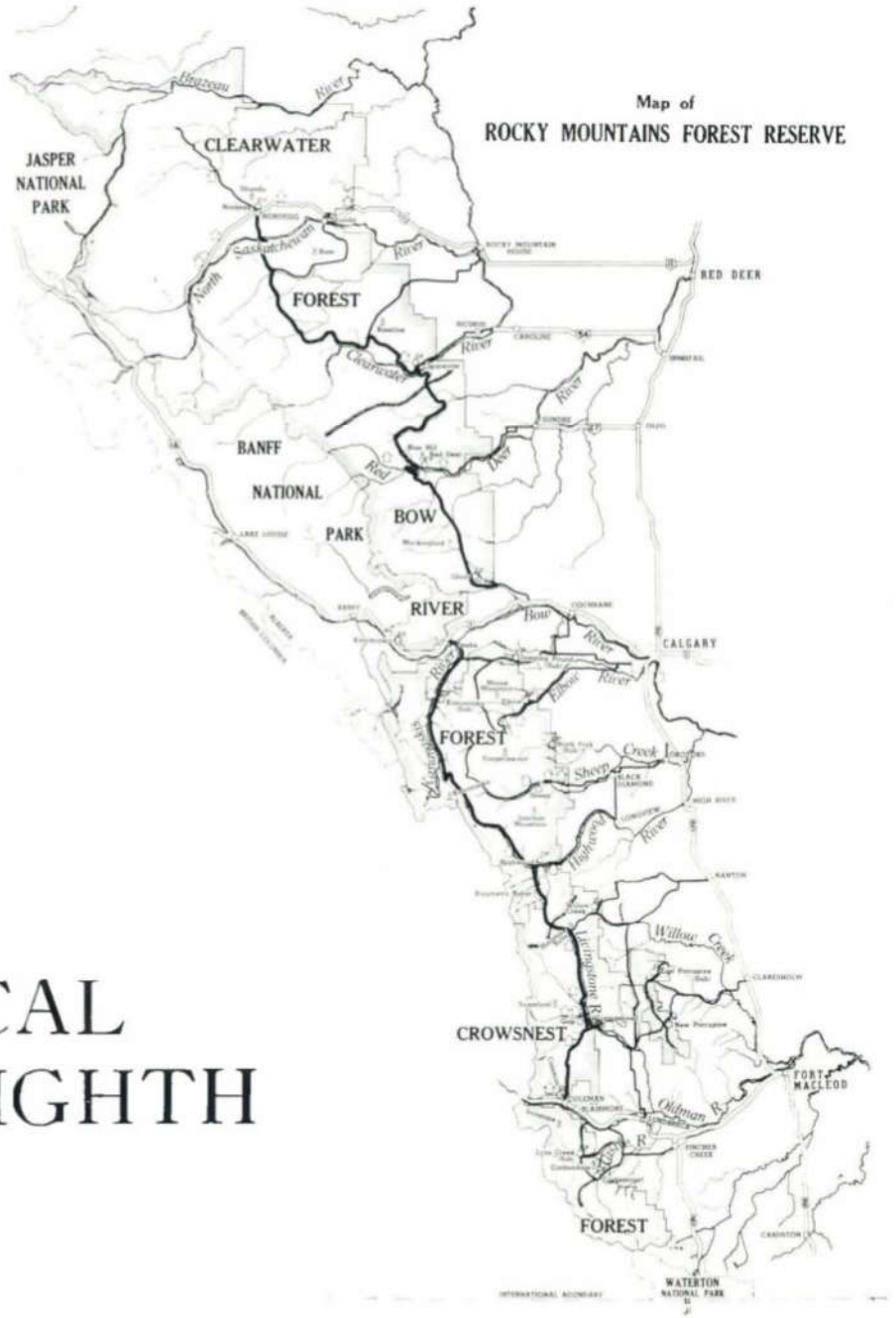
These people are working in fields never dreamed of by the Indian even a decade ago. Because of population pressures on the reserves—most of which are economically unproductive for more than a few—the Indian is being forced to take jobs "outside." The pull of the reserve will always be strong. It is an anchor, steadying the young people as they move into a larger Canadian society. It is "home." There is no reason why the Indian working in a city should not visit his "home" any more than any other rural white boy or girl who is drawn to the bright lights of the city but weekends in his home town.

Education for a *Purpose*—and not, as in the past just *per se*—backed by an intelligent placement program, are together giving the Indian the choice he never had before. It is like providing him with a pair of wings. If he does not wish to take off, he has the right not to venture. But if he does, at least, and at last, he will have the equipment. •

# THE CRITICAL ONE-EIGHTH

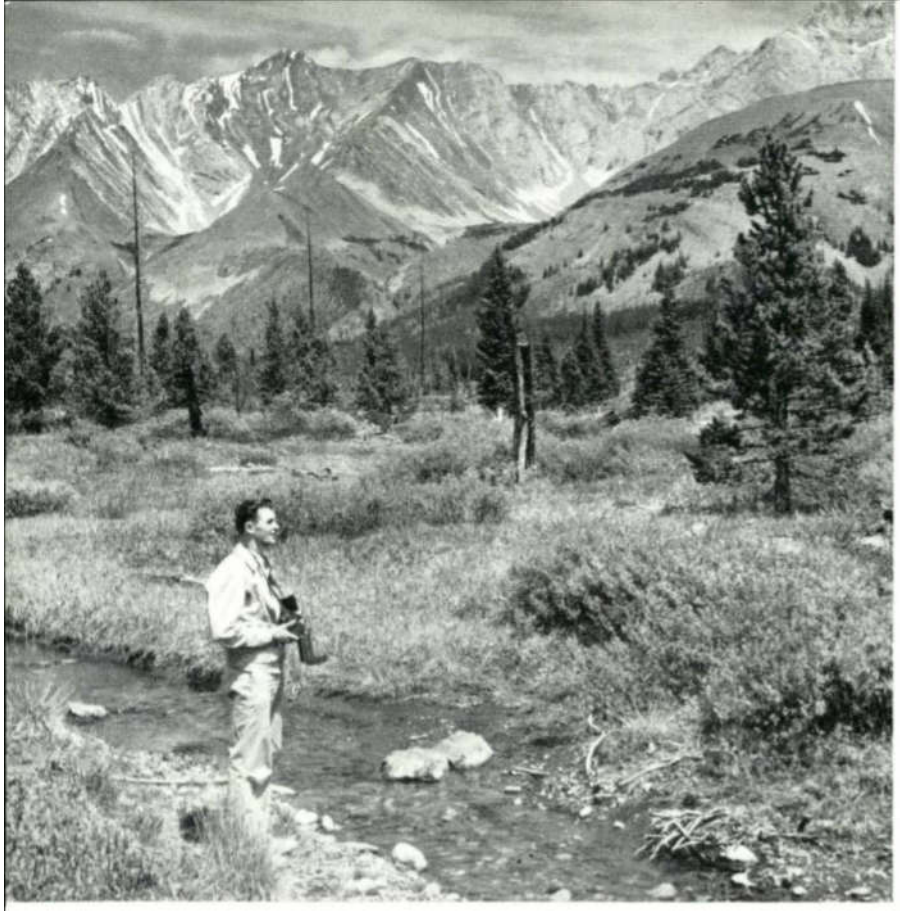
BY DON W. THOMSON

*Ottawa columnist on national affairs, who has made a special study of the Alberta watershed area and visited the forest reserve last autumn with conservation board officials.*




THE song of the pioneer in Canada has never been far removed from the melody of moving waters. In any representative symphony based upon Canada's history, geography, or economic development—the surge of tides, the tumble of rapids, the foam and sparkle of waterfalls, the trembling surfaces of innumerable silent lakes and the swift onrush of rivers would contribute more to the national theme than any other physical feature or resource that Canadians possess. This wealth of the waters, life-giving, power-producing, and recreational in nature, forms a priceless heritage which we as a people must strive constantly to preserve. In no other part of Canada is such diligent conservation work more necessary than on the prairies and along the eastern slopes watershed of the Rocky Mountain system.

The 9,000 square miles of rugged granite peaks, mountain meadows, alpine forests and streams of this watershed are but one-eighth of the total area of the prairies, the principal rivers of which flow from this mountain forest reserve. It is a relatively narrow strip of territory extending some 300 miles from the southern border of Jasper National Park to the northern boundary of Waterton Lakes National Park. Water from river systems born in this region supplies 85 per cent of Alberta's population and 42 per cent of the people of Saskatchewan. The irrigation and power aspects of the new South Saskatchewan dam near



*Forest ranger station in the Crowsnest Forest.*
*Vern Decoux*

*Watershed country west of High River, Alberta.*
*Shell Oil*

Outlook will depend directly upon maintenance and protection of the eastern slopes watershed.

Urban Canadians utilize on the average about 200 gallons of water a day. On the prairies the supply is not unlimited. Both industrial and population growth in this part of Canada will be determined not so much by immigration policies, oil and gas resources, climate, geographical advantages and the like—as by the availability of water. It is indeed the life-blood of the prairie earth and eventually every drop of it in Western Canada must be made to count in usefulness and all waste of water carefully avoided.

It has been estimated that on the average ten gallons of water are required to refine one gallon of gasoline. It takes 24 gallons of water to produce one pound of paper, 10 gallons to produce one can of vegetables and 65,000 gallons of water to produce one ton of steel. A leading Canadian paper-making company alone uses 55 million gallons of water a day in its extensive operations.

It is obvious that if any disastrous forest fire or epidemic of forest pests should strike our critically important watershed region, husbanding as it does the headwaters of the North and South Saskatchewan Rivers, all industrial activity on the great plains would be extremely hard hit. Erosion conditions, with accompanying severe flooding followed by shallow flow, must be guarded against.

The extent of damage that can occur in the absence of wise watershed management and control was drastically impressed upon Torontonians when abnormal rains on the Humber watershed during Hurricane Hazel's onslaught sent that normally modest river on a fearful rampage that took a toll of 82 lives and immense property damage.

The Rocky Mountain Forest Reserve is a stream regulator of the utmost importance. By taking wise steps now in conservation work it may be possible not only to maintain the present rate of flow, but actually to increase it. The government of Alberta, administering the reserve, had the foresight in the late thirties to prepare the way for a federal-provincial effort on the east slopes. This cooperative venture came into being in 1947. Enabling bills were passed at Edmonton and Ottawa and for some years there was a sharing of costs between the two governments. Now all maintenance expenditures are paid for by the Alberta government. But watershed management is a relatively new science in Canada. Its success depends upon intensive watershed research organized on a systematic basis. At present this type of research does not exist in Canada but preliminary steps are being taken this year to establish a sound program of this kind.

What is meant by this term: watershed research? Actually both fundamental and applied branches are involved. There is a need, for example, to refine the present measuring techniques employed to obtain information on rainfall and snowfall totals. There must be a better and more reliable recording of precipitation patterns on the east slope

of the Rockies than exists today. How much of the total river flow comes from glaciers? Where are the snow-pack reservoirs located? How much precipitation is intercepted by forest cover and held in tree tops until it evaporates? What is the mechanism of water movement from the time moisture drops as rain or snow on the east slopes until it reaches the main courses of prairie streams?

Fortunately the east slopes of the Rockies are a high precipitation area. Official records collected over the years indicate that the annual rate of rainfall plus snowfall in the Forest Reserve is 42 inches, compared to 16 inches at Calgary.

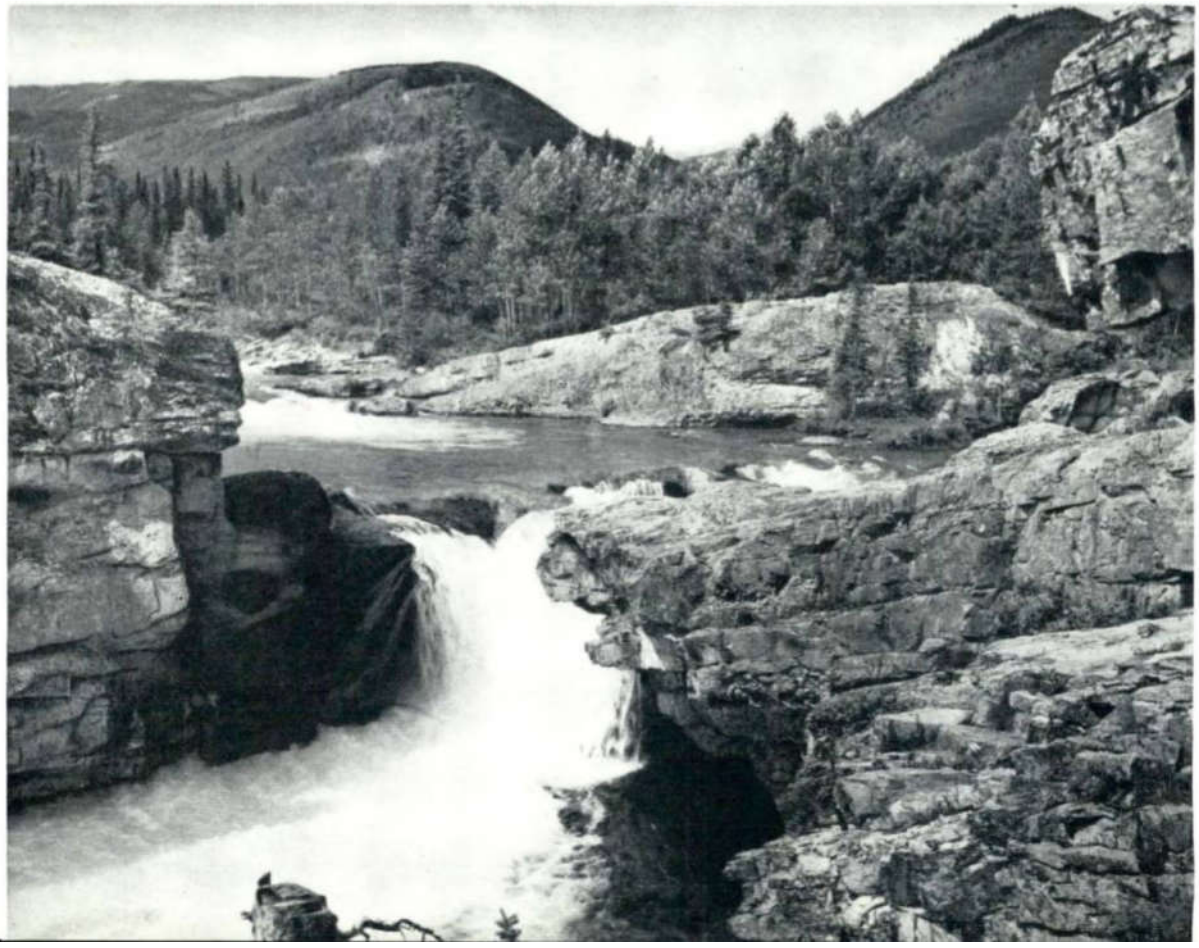
The reserve, under the jurisdiction of the Eastern Rockies Forest Conservation Board, a federal-provincial body, consists of three main wooded regions—Clearwater Forest in the north, Bow River Forest in the central area, and Crowsnest Forest in the south. The Clearwater Forest is by far the largest of these three preserves, covering nearly 5,000 square miles. A staff of eighty, with headquarters in Calgary, is responsible for the planning and application of conservation measures in all three major forest areas. The Alberta Forest Service plays a large part in all this. About 960 miles of roads have been constructed by the Board to serve the reserve, along with eighteen ranger stations and seventeen fire look-out towers. About one hundred large cone-shaped gauges aid in the task of measuring the rate and amount of precipitation.

The roads serve a three-fold purpose. They assist in fire-fighting and other administrative purposes. They facilitate the progress of authorized timbering operations within the reserve and increase recreational values on the east slopes generally.

In the south the Old Man, Bow, and Red Deer rivers benefit from mountain forest protection work as these tributaries feed into the South Saskatchewan. In the north the flow in the Clearwater, Nordegg, and Brazeau rivers is similarly safeguarded and thus the normal flow of the North Saskatchewan system is maintained.

"The Forest," states a publication of the Pennsylvania Forestry Association, "is the mother of rivers and one of Nature's most important means of regulating and maintaining the flow and quality of water." To the extent that forests are protected and a watershed area well managed, will floods and needlessly failing water supplies be avoided. Where there is ample water, farms thrive and cities prosper. Where this priceless resource of abundant water fails, farms are abandoned and communities impoverished. That is why the Rocky Mountain Forest Reserve means so much to the prairie West and, in fact, to the people of all Canada. ◆

*Elbow Falls in the Rocky Mountains Forest Reserve.* *Shell Oil*



# Goodly heritage

BY
BARBARA
KILVERT

*Mrs. Kilvert is a Winnipeg journalist and editor of the Bay News.*

Photographs, except Mrs. Price Ellison, from Vernon Museum & Archives.

A FEW unpainted cottages squatted at the side of the rutted wagon trails that served as streets. Beyond were the empty hills. It was a "cowtown" —the kind of semi-legendary community that would later provide production set designers with inspiration for countless television Westerns.

This was Vernon (formerly known as Centreville or Priest's Valley) in the 1880s, when less than forty sturdy souls were settled there to take exception to the condescending description of their British Columbia town which appeared in the *Victoria Colonist:* "an ambitious little burgh . . . possessed of high notions, even if not at present possessed of extensive estate."

Throughout the previous decade the pioneers had come, one by one, to this part of the green Okanagan Valley— *Cheechakos* or newcomers in the Chinook tongue—ranchers, remittance men, miners and Chinese labourers, loggers, innkeepers and merchants.

Progress was slow but steady. At first, across the middle of the flat, ran an irrigation ditch from which the town got all its water but, after Vernon began to enlarge, rather frequent complaints were heard about people throwing their soapy water into the ditch—some even accused their fellow citizens of soaking their clothes there —and so the council diverted the water into boxed-in flumes which ran by the side of each street, and tanks and pumps were added.

One old-timer recalls: "After the water system came sidewalks; we were really getting quite urban. These were built of planks and stood about 18 inches above the ground level, and very inconvenient for those who were not strictly sober, or for anyone going home in the dark without any lantern, which was our only form of illumination. But they were just the right height for sitting on. If you met an acquaintance and stopped to chat, which we always had time to do then, you just naturally sat down on the sidewalk with your feet in the road."

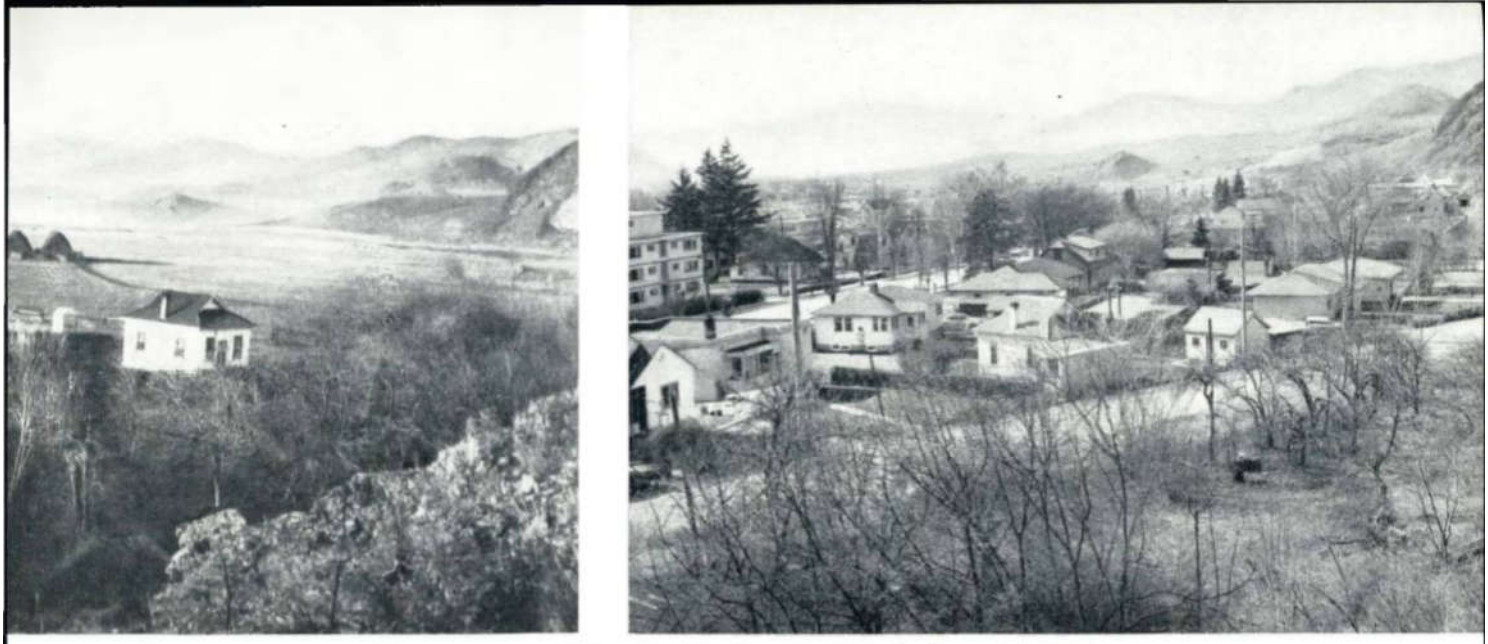
It was a friendly town, a casual sociable place, with frequent gatherings in neighbours' houses, in the hotel, in that first rough-lumber Hudson's Bay store. ("Whisky was cheap in those days. Good H B C Scotch at a dollar and a quarter a quart, and no permit needed!")

The early settlers looked after their creature comforts as best they could, but they overlooked one thing, a cemetery. A pioneer account of this situation has been recorded: "We were suddenly faced with this lack [of a cemetery] when an unknown Chinese died. Nobody would be public spirited enough to allow the corpse to be buried on their premises and the government agent was in a quandary. He wrote to Victoria for instructions as to what should be done about it; but in the meantime the Chinese did not improve by keeping. Nobody knew anything about embalming corpses and finally he just had to be buried, and the government agent stowed him away in his back yard. After this it dawned on the community that we were not immortal and we bought a piece of land for a cemetery."

They had not ignored the need for a postal service. As far back as 1872 the area had been served by the Okanagan post office, opened a few miles away by Cornelius O'Keefe. Revenue the first year was $10. The first postmaster, right in Priest's Valley, was Luc Girouard, who had his own special system of handling mail back about 1884.

"When the mail sack arrived, he invariably emptied it out in the middle of the floor in his small cabin and then proceeded to sort the mail by tossing the letters and newspapers into piles. Each man's mail was thrown in the direction in which his land lay. When the settlers became so numerous that his floor was not large enough for sorting, he resigned."

This kind of independent spirit was prevalent in a nonconformist age and colourful individuals were the rule rather than the exception. There was, for example, Captain T. D. Shorts, who was called the "Admiral of the Okanagan." He started the freighting business on Okanagan Lake in the early 1880s, first with a sturdy rowboat, later with a steamer.



*The same view over west Vernon, photographed by Mr. Venables in 1894, and taken again in 1958.*

# *of the Okanagan Valley*

". . . a very assertive man, with a face almost buried in a snuffy beard of no particular colour, he always wore a very faded bowler hat, cocked down over one eye in a sporty way. . . ." This public benefactor, with his load of beans and bacon for the lone prospector and weary rancher down the lake, was enterprising and optimistic although, unfortunately, no businessman. It was said he accumulated a fortune of some $6,000 by pulling on the oars, and lost it all by steam, but he was never daunted by bad luck.

"Boys," he would say, "if we only had as good foresight as we have hindsight, we would raise hell, wouldn't we?"

And then there was William Scott who ran the stage from Kelowna to Vernon—first his democrat or his sled, according to season, and later his bright red, brass-trimmed McLaughlin motor stage. He was known far and wide for his explosive and expressive manner of speech and for his dogged determination to keep the mail running on time, and without interruption.

One winter's day, when the snow was piled high, Scott met a cutter coming from the opposite direction on the single track of road which lay between the high snow banks. Stopping his team of prancing horses, a man leaned out the side of the cutter and the announcement was made: "I am Lord Aberdeen and I want to get by." Undaunted, the stage operator called imperiously: "I am William Scott, driving Her Majesty's mail, and I have the right-of-way." The Governor-General of Canada pulled his team into the snow bank and allowed William Scott and Her Majesty's mail to go through.

The roads were narrow and bumpy, snowy in winter, quagmires in spring, dusty in summer. But other means of transportation, for some time, had drawbacks too. There was Captain Shorts' irregular boat service and the "Molasses Limited," the train from Sicamous, always late and consequently unpopular.

Young Sophie Christine Johnson, destined to become one of the town's best known women (in fact the community was named Vernon on her recommendation), came to the Valley in a typically slow and difficult way. She travelled across the United States from her home in Peoria, Ill., by rail to the coast, then by boat, next by C.P.R.—at that time constructed as far as Yale—then by stage over the wagon trail to Kamloops, and from Kamloops to Vernon on horseback, sitting sideways on a stock saddle, a most uncomfortable position, but necessary because neither her costume, nor modesty, would have permitted anything else. She came, with a cousin, Emma Lind, to visit an uncle, Peter Anderson, an early pioneer fur trader from Oregon who had interests in the Okanagan.

It was a greening May when she arrived and she fell in love with the land. As the summer months passed

she showed little inclination to return to the States, perhaps because Price Ellison, who had come as the third settler to Priest's Valley in 1876, was pressing his suit. When she was approached to be the town's first school teacher, she accepted the post, and on October 22, 1884, the school bell rang for the first time and thirteen eager students trooped into Miss Johnson's classroom. In years to come one of those first students, who later became Mrs. William Brent, had this to say of the schoolmarm: "We were very fond of her. She was very painstaking, kind and sympathetic, and we made good progress with our studies."

On December 1 she married her Vernon suitor who had, in preparation for his bride, built an addition to his house and made a special trip to Kamloops on horseback to buy dishes for her. All he could get were three ironstone china plates at one dollar each. The marriage proved a happy one and the record of it—the ranch life, the child-rearing, the contact with the local Indians, the agricultural activity, and the social life—serves as a revealing document of pioneer times in the area.

Six of the eight Ellison children are alive. One, Herbert, lives in California, but the others still reside in the Valley. Vernon Ellison raises Herefords and an apple crop in Oyama, while Mrs. A. H. Sovereign lives in Vernon near the family home on Pleasant Valley Road which still holds Miss Elizabeth Ellison, Mrs. M. K. DeBeck and Albert Ellison. Their father died in 1932 and their mother remained the centre of her family until 1954, when she died in her 97th year.

Mrs. DeBeck has been the family archivist and her warmly-written reminiscences have been published by the Okanagan Historical Society. The family bought the town house in 1907 and its great entrance hall and high-ceilinged rooms are filled with antique furniture, Oriental rugs, oils and water colours and photographs from the past, pewter vases of field flowers: to a degree a reconstructed atmosphere of the original ranch house which burned down some years ago.

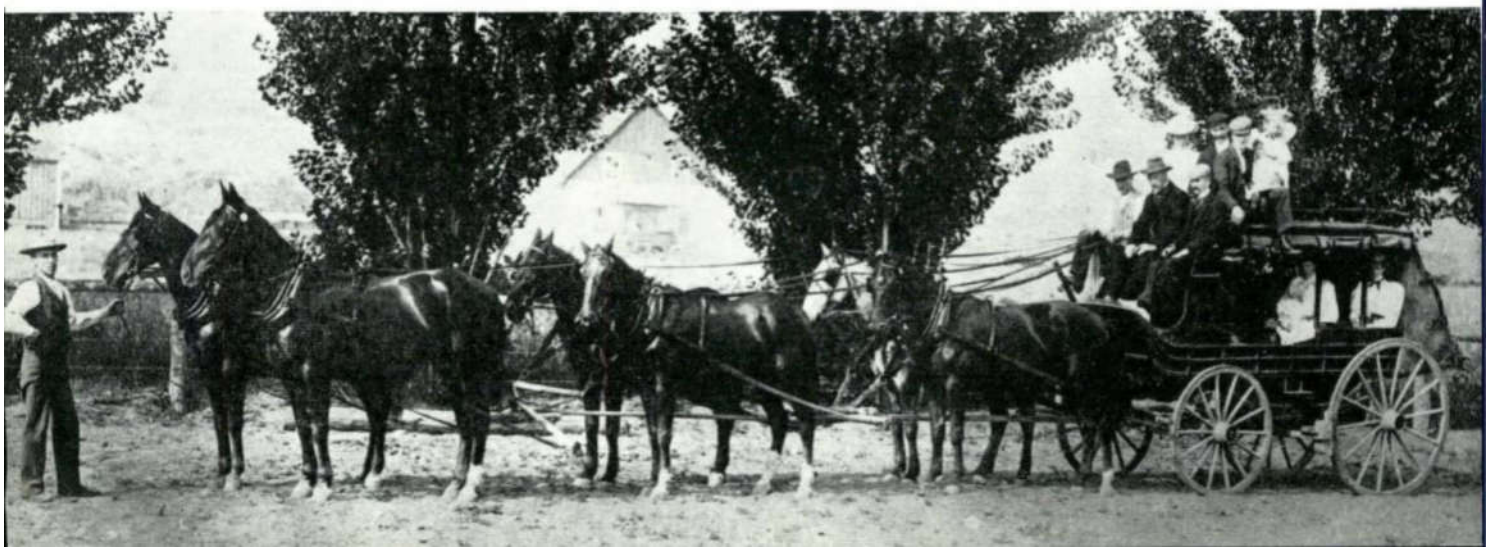
"We were not really town folk. We were ranchers," says Mrs. DeBeck. "We belonged to the country and the country to us in a peculiar way. We, of course, were born to it. Mother, a transplanted Easterner, a lady of leisure—a little bookish, protected, interested in music and art—nevertheless fitted in beautifully from the very beginning. When she married father she came to the ranch alone, the nearest white women were Mrs. Greenhow and Mrs. O'Keefe, eight miles away at the head of Okanagan Lake.

"Father had to teach her to cook and she learned many other skills, of necessity. She sewed all our clothes, made candles, became a remarkable gardener, learned to skate and continued to ride horseback, administered to the sick, played the organ at both the Presbyterian and Anglican churches. She was assisted at the birth of her first baby only by my father, and sat up in bed to help him bathe her. Later on an Indian woman came in to help and mother was fascinated to see her do the baby up in Indian fashion in a papoose cradle basket. Her mother was visiting her when her second baby was born, but she had reached the birth of her fourth before a young doctor arrived in town, Dr. Osborne Morris. He stayed a long lifetime and became an important Valley personality.

Those early days in Vernon, as in all pioneer settlements, demanded a certain resourcefulness, encouraged a kind of philosophical acceptance of life as it was—rough and busy, difficult, often amusing.

For some time there was little adequate medical service. Doctors and dentists were scarce as dodos. One old-timer, C. W. Holliday, recalled years later: "In the 1880s a professional dentist travelled through the Valley once a year, a little, tubby, whiskered man in a very grubby frock coat—Dr. Brown. I once assisted Dr. Brown by holding his patient's head. The anaesthetic consisted of a bottle of rye whisky which the doctor produced from his coat-tail pocket. The doctor took a drink, the patient took a drink—a very long drink, he prepared for the

*The B X stage coach ran to Kamloops and the Cariboo until the coming of the railway in 1892*



*Vernon's first Volunteer Fire Brigade was organized in 1891. Two hand drawn hose reels carried 500 feet of hose.*

*Mrs. Price Ellison, then Sophie Johnson, came to Priest Valley in 1884 and was the first school teacher.*

worst—and I took a drink. I gripped the patient's ears, the doctor pulled, the patient yelled, and then we all had another drink."

But the pioneers seemed to feel that there were many compensations to life in a new and lovely land—a fulfilment of the adventurous spirit, a deep sense of personal achievement in individual enterprise, an easy camaraderie among residents of a village that may have lacked certain things but not, certainly, the quality of civic pride.

Vernon, from its beginnings, has never been short of home town boosters. First the cattle ranchers made the district famous, then the wheat growers, later—after the Earl of Aberdeen launched orchard work as a commercial venture—it was the fruit men. They wove a legend around the neighbourhood; labelled Vernon "The Hub City," and "The Orchard City," and "Vernon, the Beautiful." It paid off, as it generally does. More settlers came, even tourists. Soon the rest of the country was taking notice of the Valley.

An ancient, yellowed Calgary newspaper bears this "propaganda" item, typical of the times: "An Okanagan man's garden was located on a hillside. He went out to get some potatoes for dinner and in prying a large potato out of the ground it got away from him and rolled down the side of the hill and wrecked his residence. The next day one of his large watermelons was kicked by a horse and sprung a leak, drowning seventeen of his wife's ducks before they could get out of the way. . . ."

Settlers like the Price Ellisons were doing well in the Valley (although, perhaps, their watermelons were not *quite* that big) and news of their successful establishment lured other homesteaders to the district.

Recalling the sprawling domain of Price Ellison's home ranch, his daughter, Mrs. DeBeck, says: "On the upper side of the Coldstream Road the house stood in eight

acres of garden and orchard, with lawns and flower beds around it. The farm itself consisted of about a dozen buildings, some frame, many log, all on the other side of the road—a blacksmith shop, a bunkhouse, the big granary, then the old granary with a fanning mill and facilities for bluestoning the seed wheat. After that was a gap where the land fell away and then the carriage house with its contents, a democrat, a buckboard, a buggy, a light cart and the heavy boot cart, a sleigh, and a cutter. A chicken house joined the carriage house and then a long shed which housed farm implements and over it were hay lofts. Finally the main cow barn, the horse stable and the stallion barn."

This then was the complete universe of the Ellison children, until they went to school later. But they felt no restriction; to them it was a very large, intriguing and complex world.

*The city-supported Jubilee Hospital was organized in 1897.*

Price Ellison was at one time the largest grower of wheat in British Columbia and took a first prize in the 1893 Chicago World Fair for wheat and barley. Harvesting was the climax of the year's activities. The children responded to the excitement of threshing time with nearly forty men in the threshing gang, a second Chinese cook engaged, an awning put over a long porch outside the kitchen and trestle tables set up for meals.

There were always ducks and geese to be inspected, 800 head of cattle, 200 horses, a herd of sheep and some swine. The only problem here was that occasionally a "special friend" turned up on the Ellison dinner table.

"Once we had a pet piglet, friendly as a puppy, and you can imagine our horror when he appeared on the table, whole and beautifully roasted, with an apple in his mouth. We children, as one, rose from the table and fled weeping."

There were the first flowers to be discovered each spring—meadow hyacinth and yellowbells and soldier caps. There were all-day trips through the Commonage country, past the little alkali lakes where the children hunted turtles and ducks, jaunts to nearby ranches and trout-fishing picnics at Rattlesnake Point. Each season brought it own pleasures: hay-making, lacrosse games at the sports square, winter bobsled rides and skating parties on Long Lake. Once or twice a year, from the safety of a hayloft, the children would watch, in terror and fascination, the furious spectacle of horse-breaking, handled by local Indians who came to the ranch for the event.

Summer meant lawn socials and strawberry festivals—often held on the Price Ellison's lawn—when little girls in white muslin dresses sold moss roses as boutonnières and gazed, enraptured, at the Chinese lanterns strung between the trees.

Few things matched the excitement of attending social events in Cameron's Hall, a single, primitive room over W. F. Cameron's store—for years the only building available for organized entertainments. It had a stage with small curtained recesses on each side for dressing rooms, and here nervous, knobby-kneed children put on their costumes for minstrel shows and recitals. This was the locale of the annual Christmas party, notable for the breathless moment when the candles were lighted on the two tall, gift-hung trees standing on each side of the stage.

*The "Aberdeen" sternwheeler on Okanagan Lake, was launched in 1892.*

*First cars on rough Okanagan valley roads sometimes had to resort literally to horse-power.*

As the trips to town became more frequent, ranchers took note of the new "civic improvements": tree-lined streets with cement sidewalks and a dazzling electric light supply. The Empress Theatre succeeded Dreamland, the "moving picture" palace. The Vernon Jubilee Hospital was built on Mission Hill. A horse-drawn fire engine replaced the hand-drawn engine that had been manned by the first volunteer fire brigade which was organized in 1891. Later the fire department was motorized.

Speed became a factor to be reckoned with. By-Law No. 14 was passed to prevent immoderate riding or driving. . . . "No one driving any carriage or other vehicle drawn by a horse, shall cause, suffer or permit the horse or other animal to go at a gallop or other immoderate speed exceeding eight miles per hour." Not long afterward bicycles were restricted in like manner.

The excitement of the Klondike gold rush was past, so was the anxiety of the Boer War. Vernon settled down to placid, profitable expansion and by 1912 the building total had reached nearly a half million dollars. The town grew as the surrounding area increased in value as a centre of dairying, mixed farming, lumbering and fruit growing.

Some of the early settlers, like Price Ellison, had by this time turned to politics. The land had been good to them; they felt indebted. Price Ellison had been elected to the Provincial Legislature in 1898 and attained Cabinet rank in 1909, holding the office of Commissioner of Lands, later was named Minister of Finance, then Minister of Agriculture.

In the family memoirs written by his daughter, Mrs. DeBeck, there is mention of early legislative sessions when, as a wide-eyed child, she was temporarily uprooted from the peaceful routine of ranch life and happily exposed to the bustling brightness, the noise and "elegance" of Victoria.

She recalls the splendour of the parliament buildings—the rich crested carpet, the lofty dome, the museum, the scampering page boys. She remembers seeing the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—later King George V and Queen Mary—during their official visit to the coast. Little incidents come to mind: gathering treasures from the seashore—shell and weed and kelp—a swim at Oak Bay, the mesmeric pastime of counting ships as they sailed in and out of the harbour.

But, running true to tradition as a Vernon pioneer, Myra DeBeck reserves her nostalgia for her birthplace—the rolling, lake-starred Valley of the Okanagan.

Her childhood reminiscences conclude on this note: "Ours was a goodly heritage." ◆

# NORTHERN BOOKS

## THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF SIMON FRASER 1806-1808

**Edited with an Introduction by W. Kaye Lambe, Dominion Archivist**

The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, 1960. 292 pages. $5.00

*Reviewed by Walter N. Sage*

DR. Lamb begins his introduction with the striking sentence: "Simon Fraser is the most neglected of the major explorers of Canada." Several reasons may be found for this neglect. It has been difficult to separate Simon Fraser the explorer from other Simon Frasers connected with the North West Company. Although Senator L. R. Masson in 1889 published Fraser's 1808 Journal, and other journals and letters have also been printed, all these versions are inaccurate. Until now there has been no adequate biography of Simon Fraser and no definitive edition of his writings.

The present volume invites comparison with Dr. Lamb's *Sixteen Years in the Indian Country: The Journal of Daniel Williams Harmon*, published in 1957. The editor's task was greater in dealing with Simon Fraser than it had been with Harmon. It was originally intended that Mr. Willard E. Ireland, Provincial Archivist of British Columbia should edit the 1808 journal for publication in 1958. When this proved impossible, Mr. Ireland handed over to Dr. Lamb his corrected copy of Fraser's "official" narrative of the expedition. Dr. Lamb has carefully checked this journal with the less literary version, used by H. H. Bancroft, which deals with the period May 30 to June 10, 1808.

In his collation and preparation of these letters and journals Dr. Lamb has brought into full play his sound, accurate, meticulous scholarship. He delayed publication for a year in order to obtain fuller information concerning a manuscript account of the Fraser family written by the explorer in 1846. He has proved (p. 32) that the "official" journal of 1808, now preserved in the Toronto Public Library, is not in the explorer's handwriting but is none the less authentic. He has also most carefully worked over the letters and the 1806 journal. A whole section entitled "Miscellaneous Papers" throws new light on the history of the explorer and of his family. Where necessary he has corrected the texts of the letters and journals and has included many important details in footnotes.

The volume is well printed and includes a new portrait of Fraser. The three maps by C. C. J. Bond are a real addition, so also are E. O. S. Scholefield's character sketches which Dr. Lamb rescued from the forgotten files of *Westward Ho! Magazine*.

Nevertheless Dr. Lamb's volume is more for the scholar than the general reader. It is a notable achievement by a native son of British Columbia who was born at New Westminster on the banks of the Fraser.

*Dr. Sage, former head of the department of history at University of British Columbia, has published papers resulting from his study of Simon Fraser.*

## SEARCH IN THE NORTH

**by Guy Blanchet**

Macmillans, Toronto, 1960. 197 pages. $3.50

*Reviewed by H. S. M. Kemp.*

IN 1928 Colonel C. D. H. MacAlpine and his associates of Toronto decided on a bold plan to explore the mineral potentialities of the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions stretching westward and northwestward from the Chesterfield area of Hudson Bay. The plan called for a combined sea, land and air effort, and the man placed in charge of the operation was Guy Blanchet. In his *Search in the North*, Author Blanchet sets out vividly yet modestly all that the operation entailed. In essence, this called for a sea voyage into the Bay, the setting up of a well-organized base midway between Eskimo Point and Chesterfield Inlet, and the use of four aircraft to drop parties of prospectors in the Barren Lands and do ferry-service generally. But from the moment the converted rum-runner *Morso* headed out of Halifax harbour in July of '28 until the author, with the "lost" MacAlpine party touched down on Lake Athabasca almost eighteen months later, the story is one of bitter hardships, high courage and unbelievable luck. The luck element is underscored by the fact that while the aerial operations called for blind flying, flying over country unmarked and unmapped, through storms, fogs and arctic gales that washed out five aircraft, the only casualty was a mechanic who suffered a frozen foot.

The book stresses mainly the aerial activities of the expedition, but the author's observations regarding the Eskimo and Eskimo life are authentic and penetrating. Again, as the man who led the search for the MacAlpine party and was the first to contact the group at Cambridge Bay, his account of the happening clears up a lot of misunderstanding that has continued even to this day. However, when the author, his pilot and mechanic afterwards piled-up on Aylmer Lake and spent the next eleven days in the frigid confines of their wrecked plane and with but the scantiest of rations, one wonders if their sufferings were not as severe as those of the more publicized MacAlpine party. The recounting of this incident, however, is of a pattern with the rest of the book—something of mere passing interest, a casual happening lightly told.

As the book progresses the reader may find cause to wonder at the author's reluctance to identify positively so many of his colleagues and acquaintances. Two of his field-crew crop up as Vic and Monty; there is a mechanic, Paul; and while pilots Roy and Ken, Andy and Vance may be recognizable to old-timers in the country, they will remain in the mists of obscurity insofar as succeeding generations are concerned. Again, reference is made to a vague "trading-post," to "the trader" and his "young wife," and the author tells the story of "another" aerial expedition that was lost in the same country with "a distinguished pilot" at the controls and with an "old prospector" aboard who ultimately led them to safety. Such anonymity is frustrating to old Northern hands who like to associate themselves with characters they knew in bygone days.

But this characteristic of Guy Blanchet's book can never obscure its inherent sincerity. The author has made no attempt at "colourful" writing, yet the colour is there nevertheless. What he has done is to record an important chapter in the history of the North, to show how men and machines met its challenge. And in the doing of it he has produced a work of captivating interest and undoubted authority.

*Many years in the north familiarized Mr. Kemp with northern flying and flyers. He is now known for his writing and reviewing.*

## AN ESKIMO VILLAGE IN THE MODERN WORLD

**by Charles C. Hughes with the collaboration of Jane M. Hughes**

Cornell University Press, Ithaca, N.Y. 1960. xiv, 419 pages. $6.75.

*Reviewed by R. W. Dunning*

DR. Hughes, in this book has made a sociological investigation of the Alaskan Eskimo village of Gambell on St. Lawrence Island in the Bering Sea. It is not however an idealized representation of a society based on nostalgic accounts of the past. On the contrary this work, based on a year's residence in the community, is oriented to contemporary Eskimo life, describing and analyzing the present dependent relationship of the group with American economic, political and social organizations.

Although it is generally known that these Island groups have had occasional contact with the Western world over a long period of time, what has perhaps not been generally realized is the effect of this contact. Isolated as is this community, from the early eighteenth century historical accounts describe the reaction of the Gambell Islanders, showing their familiarity with the behaviour and way of life of the European mariners and traders. Another aspect of importance in this remote community is the maintenance of indigenous social and cultural norms. Their ties with Siberia are clearly demonstrated by a clan type social organization, one which is not known for any other Eskimo group in North America.

The importance of man's interrelationship with the interdependence on his environment is particularly striking for the northern subsistence-level groups. This study shows the persistence of traditional kinship patterns of co-operation in such matters as food sharing and selection of boat crews for walrus hunting. Of greater interest however is the increasing dependence upon and seeking out of aspects of the modern way of life. The old way is insufficient and unsatisfactory to cope with present needs and aspirations. The author uses the current theoretical orientation of the Cornell University Stirling County Research. This revival of *disorganization* and *disintegration* appears to be fruitful in conceptualizing the interaction process of small communities. Needless to say it does not hold the value judgments of the earlier sociological literature on disorganization.

In this reviewer's opinion a most important feature of the book is the descriptive analysis of the changed situation of the community—a change from the small autonomous society in which the high mortality rate together with the need to co-operate provided the basis for a workable system of informal sanctions. In the present situation, exposed as it is to modern world conditions, face-to-face relationships no longer hold. A recently instituted council could not control the community. The elders looked and asked for external controls from mainland administrators.

Dr. Hughes' view of the community, which surely must have its mirror images in many places throughout the north and particularly across the arctic, should be a source of insight for administrators who are charged with the heavy responsibility of helping small ethnic groups adjust to the modern world.

*Dr. Dunning is associate professor of anthropology and sociology at the University of Manitoba and author of a recently published book on the northern Ojibwa.*

## THE IDEA OF CONTINENTAL UNION

**by Donald F. Warner**

Published for Mississippi Valley Historical Association by University of Kentucky Press, Lexington, Ky., 1960. 264 pages. $5.00

*Reviewed by George F. G. Stanley*

CONTINENTALISM, the domination politically and geographically of the North American continent by a single nation, has always been a factor in the history of Canada. It goes back to the Anglo-American effort to expel the French from the St. Lawrence valley, to the American plans for the seizure of Quebec and Nova Scotia during the Revolution, to the invasion of Upper Canada during the War of 1812. It underlies the Annexation Manifesto, the spread-eaglism of Manifest Destiny, and Commercial Union. It was a foremost factor in bringing about Confederation in 1867, the acquisition of the North West in 1870, and the defeat of the Liberal party in 1891. It is believed, by some in our own day and generation, to wear the silk hat of economic penetration and the uniform of continental defence.

Here is an exciting theme and an important one; but one which has never been brought together in a single volume by a competent writer. Canadians have been obliged to extract their information from various specialized volumes, political biographies and articles in learned periodicals. Now it is available in Dr. Warner's book. And for that we are grateful. Not that this book covers the whole field—the American efforts to seize Canada during the wars of 1775 and 1812 receive no more than passing notice. The story as Dr. Warner tells it covers the half century from the 1840s to the 1890s; that is, he deals with the annexionist movements of 1849-50 in the province of Canada, in 1868-70 in Nova Scotia, in 1869-71 in the North West, and the movement which culminated in Commercial Union in 1890-1893 in the Dominion. All these movements, the author contends, were similar in cause, course, and failure. Behind each was the basic factor of economic depression in Canada and prosperity in the United States; and behind the failure of each was the strength of a Canadian nationalism allied with a traditional loyalism.

All this is very useful both to the amateur and to the professional historian. Some critics may complain that Dr. Warner has very little that is new to tell Canadians; but it is fair to say that he has woven the threads of a familiar story into a single and by no means displeasing fabric. And it is fairer still to say that he has added several new patterns to his cloth by giving greater emphasis to the American side of the story than has been the case with those who have written only incidentally about the same subject.

There are more legitimate points worthy of the critic's attention. Probably the greatest difficulty encountered by the author has been how to determine who was really an annexationist and who was not; who spoke from conviction and who used annexation as a convenient club with which to threaten his opponents. And name-calling is not to be taken seriously during elections either by the name-callers or by historians. The analysis of human motivation is a task beset with problems, even when the materials are readily available. When they are not, or when the author lacks the time or inclination to carry his enquiries to the last document, his conclusions may be questioned by his readers. This is not meant to suggest that Dr. Warner's conclusions are faulty. He is aware of the pitfalls and avoids a good many of them. Nevertheless there are some hummocks upon which he has stumbled in his researches. It is a dangerous over-simplification to imply that the Canadians and Nova Scotians had really only two alternatives, the British connexion or annexation. Repulsion from pole A does not mean, of necessity, attraction to pole B. And local issues often mean more than broad issues in provincial elections. Moreover, if it be true that there were those silent, frightened souls, who dared not voice their convictions, it is even truer that there were those loyalists who could see annexationists around every corner as frequently as an Un-American Activities Committee can discover a Communist in every government department. The opponents

of Confederation in Nova Scotia were not necessarily, every one of them, annexationists. Annexation in Nova Scotia was a very puny movement indeed, supported by a few schoolteachers and newspaper editors; far more puny than Dr. Warner suggests. The author offers no evidence to prove his contention that the mine owners and mine managers were in the majority Americans, any more than he does his statement that the cancellation of Reciprocity in 1866 threw "thousands" of miners out of work. As far as this last point is concerned, the Reports of the Inspector of Mines reveal that between 1866 and 1868 some 404 miners were thrown out of work, and that the decline in man hours worked was caused in part, at least, by strikes in Cape Breton.

There is no need to multiply these criticisms of detail. They do not really destroy Dr. Warner's main thesis. They are in the nature of blemishes rather than disfigurements. A little cleansing cream in the form of more meticulous checking of sources will remove them.

In addition to Dr. Warner's main thesis, this reviewer, after reading the book, was struck by several points in the overall story, namely, how frequently annexation movements in Canada were sponsored and encouraged by Americans and expatriate Canadians, and how seldom, if ever, did such movements enjoy distinguished leadership. Only the name of Goldwin Smith stands out among them; and he was not a political leader but a frustrated English gentleman who never understood Canadians or saw any good in colonial Canada. Interestingly enough the book leaves the reader with a glimmer of hope that the strength of Canadian resistance to absorption by the United States during the nineteenth century may help to preserve Canadian independence in the twentieth.

*Professor Stanley is head of the department of history and chairman of the faculty of arts at the Royal Military College, Kingston.*

## DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN
**by John Stoutenburgh Jr.**

Philosophical Library, Inc.
New York, 1960. 462 pages.
$10.00

*Reviewed by Douglas Leechman*

A BOOK bearing such a title as this is assumed, almost automatically, to be a desirable acquisition for any library or for a student working in the field of anthropology, especially when the publisher's blurb refers to it as "an up-to-date source book", and tells us that "here at last is a book of Indian history and lore that can serve as a dependable source of information".

It is unfortunate that this work comes nowhere near being a "source book", and it is far from dependable. Its contents suggest a hotchpotch of Bulletin 30 (of which I find no mention), William Strachey's *Virginia Britannia*, a paper on Navaho dyes, a Powhatan word list, and some ill-digested anthropology.

Many of the entries appear to parallel Bulletin 30 of the Bureau of American Ethnology (2 vols., 1907, 1910), familiar to all North American anthropologists, though they differ slightly in wording and occasionally in meaning as well. Thus, on the first page of the "Dictionary", under Abayca (which should be Abayoa), we find: "*Mentioned* by Ponce de Leon in 1512. This Tequesta village was situated on the southern end of Florida." The entry in Bull. 30 reads: "A Tequesta village at the s. extremity of Florida pen., *mentioned in connection with* the expedition of Ponce de Leon (1512).—Barcia, Ensayo, 2, 1723." The italics in each quotation are mine. This is but one example of dozens of similar parallels; there are no less than six of them on the first page alone.

There are also serious omissions. We are given many words from the Powhatan and "Virginia Indian" languages, but few from other native tongues; numerous villages in the United States and Canada are referred to briefly, but very many others (though of greater importance and listed in Bull. 30) are left out. There is no discussion of such subjects as: Art, captives, child life, colour symbolism, commerce, dancing, domestication of animals, dogs, education, media of exchange, or textiles, and yet this is presented as a source book. Many topics that do receive mention are treated superficially, or are so vague and obscure in thought as to be useless. Take "Deposit" as an example: "This term means mainly an accumulation of rock and debris that has been laid down by the action of the elements. This action can be measured and so artifacts (q.v.) can be dated sometimes when the action and the resulting layers are measured." Other examples of quite inadequate discussion can be found under: Archaeology ("This is the scientific study of the works of ancient man during recent or pre-historic times, dealing mainly with man"), chief, complex, conchoidal, eolian, intrusive, languages, maple sugar, Norse, retouch, sacrifice, temper, typology, and many others.

The Eskimo are omitted because they are not "Indian". We are told that "coup" is "French-Canadian for a sign of victory"; pemmican is "usually made from deer meat", (Bull. 30 says reindeer meat and, like the Dictionary, curiously omits reference to the use of buffalo meat); the term "sugar bush" is "derived from the French"; and so on. One can find an error on almost every page.

There is no preface or introduction, so one is left to wonder as to the purpose (and the qualifications) of the author, who does not appear to be listed in the 1950 International Directory of Anthropologists. It is a matter for deep regret that time and money should have been devoted to the publication of such a book as this, when so many competent scholars find it almost impossible to get important work published.

*Dr. Leechman, former anthropologist with the National Museum of Canada, and later Director of Western Canadiana at the Glenbow Foundation, now retired, has written extensively about the native tribes.*

## THE WORLD OF THE ARCTIC
**by Frances C. Smith**

Lippincott, New York; Longmans, Green, Toronto. 1960. 126 pages. Illus. $3.50

*Reviewed by Leslie H. Neatby*

THIS book is one of a numerous series designed "to give young people compressed, authoritative and interesting profiles" of the lands and peoples of our globe. It is gratifying to find publishers of adolescent books trying to get away from the merely "factual" and to see that purpose so well fulfilled as, in the present instance, it is. Within the narrow compass of a hundred and twenty-three pages the author sketches the topography and history of the Arctic countries, gives a lively and sympathetic description of its peoples—their former primitive way of life, and response to the impact of modern civilization. Scientific research and economic development in all sections of the north are dealt with, full justice being done to the growth of the Russian Arctic. Descriptions of animal life and habits, of climate and seasons, aided by sixteen excellent plates, make the reader fully at home in the unfamiliar regions of tundra or ice-field. The voyage of the *Nautilus* and the IGY give something of a climax to the story's end.

The book is marred by a few errors that might easily have been avoided: William Barents was not commander but navigator, ("pilot") on the voyage to the Russian Arctic of which he became the titular hero; Hudson found his Bay long before 1660; the Anglo-Irish explorer was Robert (not John) McClure

and the true circumstances of his discovery of the North West Passage are quite as dramatic as the imaginary account which the author (showing, we think, too little respect for her adolescent public) has thought fit to concoct. All told, however, she has produced a very fine book which persons of any age could read with amusement and profit.

*Head of the classics department at Acadia University, Professor Neatby recently published "In Quest of the North West Passage".*

## RECORDS OF THE NILE VOYAGEURS 1884-1885

**Edited and Introduction by C. P. Stacey**

The Champlain Society, Toronto, 1959. 275 pages. Illus.

By subscription to the Society.

*Reviewed by Grace Lee Nute*

CANADIAN voyageurs on the Nile! The statement seems paradoxical; yet persons still living can recall the well known and rather romantic episode of Canadians with no military status sent to rescue "Chinese" Gordon at Khartoum. Here is a large volume devoted to them and the affair. To be sure, readers expecting to find the old-time, fur-trading type of voyageur of the 17th, 18th, and early 19th centuries will be disappointed. These Nile men were rather the shanty-boy variety of Canadian riverman, just as much at home on certain Canadian rivers as Jean Baptiste had ever been, but more skilled with the raft, the pike, and the peavey than with the paddle and the packsack. Railways had long since doomed the birchbark canoe; and the old, expert canoemen were gone or too old for service.

The connection between the Nile expedition and Canadian boatmen becomes very clear when one recalls that the Adjutant General in England in the middle 1880s was Lord Garnet Wolseley, later the commander in chief of the British army and regarded (according to the editor of this volume) as "the ablest British field commander of his generation." In 1870 Colonel Wolseley had commanded the Red River Expedition of some 1400 soldiers, militiamen, and voyageurs on a mission to settle matters in the Red River Valley at the time of the first Riel Rebellion. That expedition has been considered ever since a small miracle of efficient men and officers, who not only traversed some 600 miles of practically uninhabited countryside in specially constructed boats and carts, but who also built a large part of the famous Dawson Road between Prince Arthur's Landing (now Port Arthur) and the Red River Valley. In addition, the voyageurs had taught the soldiery how to master the two score or so portages of the old fur-trade route and had themselves taken the boats down the dangerous rapids of the Maligne, the Rainy, and the Winnipeg rivers. So Wolseley knew whereof he spoke, when in April, 1884, he recommended Canadian boatmen for the Nile expedition.

The Canadians fulfilled his expectations under the totally dissimilar conditions of Egypt. Nearly 400 men took part as rivermen, of whom ten died, six by drowning in the Nile. Anyone who has seen the Upper Nile or even good moving pictures of its tumultuous course, will understand its challenge. Only boatmen trained to white-water could be expected to navigate its many rapids successfully in man-propelled craft. This the voyageurs succeeded in doing, moving the foot soldiers up and later downstream. It was the dash down river after Gordon was killed at Khartoum and escape was necessary, that really tested the mettle of the voyageurs. For nine days the safety of the soldiers depended upon the skill of the rivermen in running the treacherous rapids of an enemy-infested countryside—with the loss of three lives from a boat that had no voyageur pilot.

The volume consists of 51 pages of excellent introductory material and narrative, and over 200 pages of documentation, ranging from official correspondence to cablegrams and diaries. Many excellent photographs and maps are included. In the appendixes are rolls of the voyageurs with their ages (18 to 50 years) and residences in many instances. One cannot but notice that the patronymics are as often English, Irish, or Scotch as French!

*Professor of history at Hamline University, Dr. Nute is an authority on the voyageurs, about whom she has written several books.*

## THE TRUMPETER SWAN

**by Winston E. Banko**

North American Fauna No. 63, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, 1960. 214 pages. Illus. Supt. of Documents, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Wash. 25, D.C. $1.00.

*Reviewed by Clarence Tillenius*

THEIR sonorous trumpet calls silenced now, the stately white birds that gave a name to so many lakes and rivers across the continent survive today in a few tiny restricted areas in Canada and the U.S.

*How* restricted, the following quotation reveals: ". . . the present U.S. population of trumpeter swans is found mainly in a 60-mile radius encompassing parts of S.W. Montana, where the Refuge is found, Eastern Idaho and N.W. Wyoming including Yellowstone Park." Breeding areas in Canada and Alaska help swell the total but even the total is but a pitiful token of the thousands that were. Probably 1,500 birds or slightly over represent the entire existing population on the continent. The species, so narrowly escaped from extinction, has complete protection everywhere: yet witness the criminal unconcern of some hunters in the field: ". . . during the 1956 fall hunting season a trumpeter family of five, which included three cygnets banded in the Grande Prairie region of N.W. Alberta, were all shot in western Nebraska." Reading this reminded me that in 1945 that fine bird artist, the late Allan Brooks, told me of two trumpeter locations known to him in Alberta and British Columbia, adding "Keep it to yourself. Their biggest danger is in people knowing where they are."

Mr. Banko's book, an excellent monograph, deals with the history, habits and population of the trumpeter swan in the United States. To forestall disappointment in finding only general mention of swans in Canada the author explains that Canadian biologist R. Mackay has been working on a similar study for the trumpeter in Canada, to be published later.

Mr. Banko, assistant and later manager of Red Rock Lakes Refuge in Montana 1948-57, has produced an engrossing study of the trumpeter's occurrence, present status and former distribution in America. Day-by-day life history observations by himself and others over many years with pertinent analytical statistics, maps of breeding and wintering ranges for U.S., Canada and Alaska, reference bibliography listing some 160-odd publications, yearly census figures from 1929—these are some of the contents.

Space does not permit details, but this is a study full of information from many and varied sources. For instance, Hudson's Bay Company records of former trade in swan skins yield interesting sidelights on distribution and significance to native culture.

Some very good photos of swans in flight are included. One double page spread shows a resting flock of 94, more than existed in the whole United States 25 years ago.

*The work of Clarence Tillenius, naturalist, artist, and author is known throughout Canada.*

*Continued from page 12.*

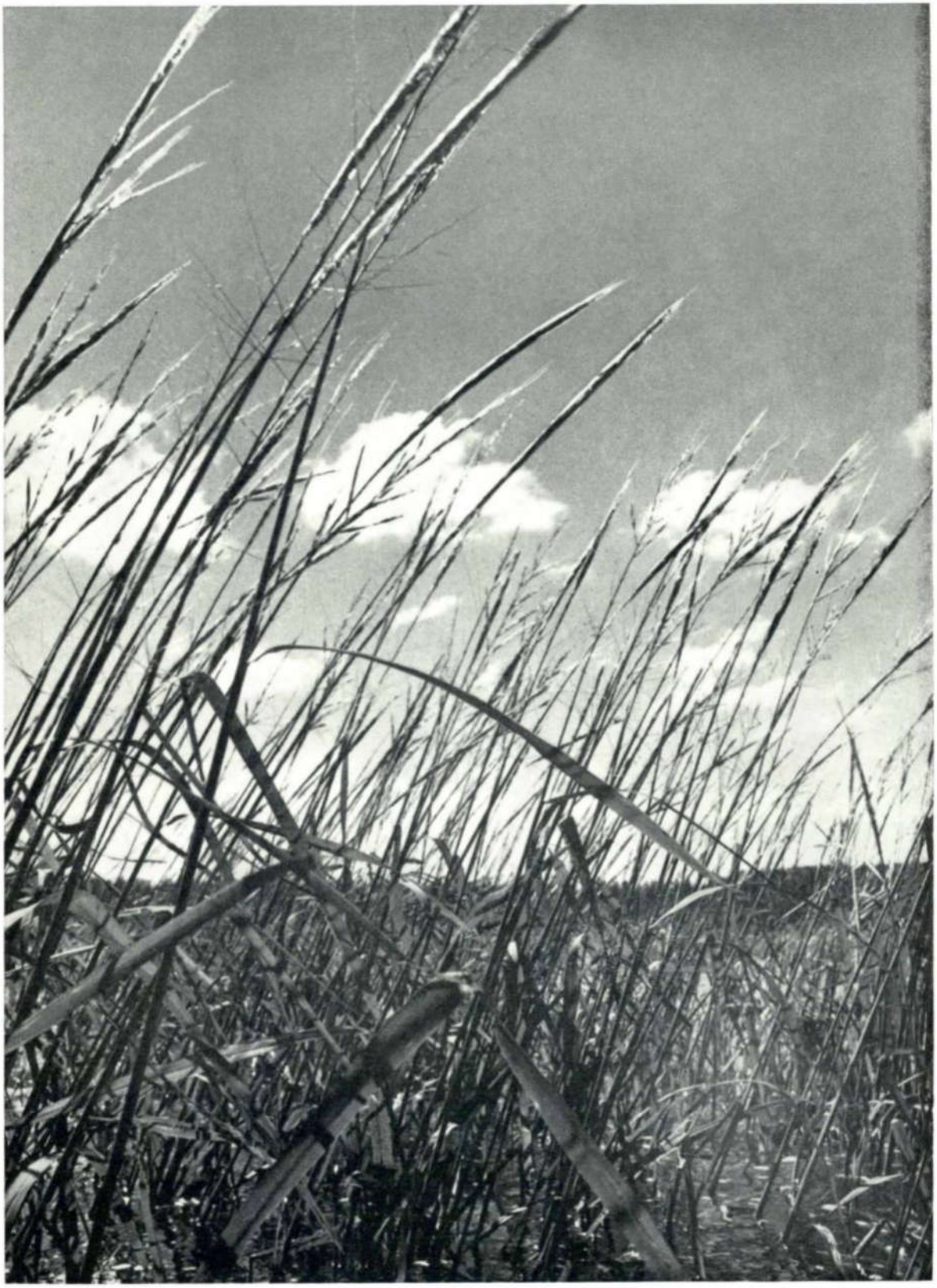
The Pit much more comfortable than in the London Theatres, chairs instead of forms and every seat numbered. In the course of to Day saw a number of Soldiers employed as Labourers in Landing & Shipping Goods. These men get leave of absence from their respective Regts. which they employ in Labour on hire allowing their officers half their Wages, the Labour of the Soldiers thus constituting a great part of the emoluments of the officers who are miserably paid, a most nefarious System!

*Thursday, September 13*—Took a turn round the Grand Bazaar with Mr. Pelly & Hubbard purchased some little ornaments & a pair of Slippers for my Sweet little Deck. Afterwards went to the Police office & Custom House to gett passports. Afterwards called at the Russian American Coys. office & Saw Mr. Severin & Mr. Cusoff Mr. Procofeof ill & Wrangal at the Admiralty, recd. Letter in answer to our proposition which altho professing good feeling & a desire to do business with us is not conclusive. Had a turn out before Dinner . . . at 6 our Dinner guests made their appearance . . . Cusoff Procofeof & Milbanke sent apologies, a good Dinner at 10 Rubles a head, plenty of Wine Coffee & broke up at ½ past 9 a very agreeable Evening, a great deal of fun & marriment. Old Stengloz very severe on the management of the Russian American Coys. affairs. Wrangal & I very thick, a nice intelligent clever little man, regret much we have not seen much of each other. To call Tomorrow. . .

*Friday, September 14*—Took & paid our passages on board the *Sirius*, Mr. Pelly to Copenhagen & Self to London. At 11 Baron Wrangal entered we spoke much about arrangements. Friendly intercourse &c. &c. & had nearly separated when I in a last effort threw out another Bait that of Selling them our Fort Simpson Furs which they could import as the produce of their own Colony on the N.W. Coast & thereby be admissable to entry for Home Consumption or Sale to the Chinese free of Duty. This threw a new light on the subject, the little Baron opened his Eyes as if wakened from a Dream caught at the thing instantly. I pointed out to him that it would not be worth our while to enter into any partial arrangements with the Russian American Coy. nor to have any dealings with people who would descend to the Splitting of Straws, but if they would take all we had to propose as a *whole* & entered into a liberal & Friendly compact with us it would be greatly to their advantage & enable them to double their Dividends very soon. On the contrary, we should have nothing to do with them but in determined opposition & that in 2 or 3 years hence the consequence would be that instead of paying 14 p. Cent. every second year they would pay no more that 7 every second year. The Baron agreed with me said he would bring the subject as a whole under the consideration of the Directors Stockholders & Minister of finance & assured me the thing would be done. In talking about Furs he said they required them Dressed I replied that we could accommodate them either by Dressing them in England or sending a Furrier or Dresser to the country. I think we shall be able to Sell them nearly all our N.W. Coast Furs at much higher prices on the Spot than in England. In short we make 8 to £10,000 p. Anm. out of these Worthies I shall not be satisfied. Wrote the Directors a formal Letter declining their counter proposition & referring to our conversation with Wrangal. In the afternoon Suveren called, quite disappointed that we had broken off & neglected their proposition & producing a list of Goods with their last prices saying they would take their supplies from us at the same. We appeared indifferent about partial arrangemts. would not descend to trifling details of particular articles or fractional dealings. The whole of our plan as proposed must be accepted or none. No Chandler Shop operations; we should be glad to hold out the hand of good fellowship & equally ready to enter the lists of opposition. The old man was amazed & said they must throw themselves on our liberality. We must follow this up by extending our Cultivation & establishing Stikine forthwith. Wrote to Jubb about purchasing Furs for Chaplain & sending us some caviar . . . The whole of our Expenses in St. Petersburg for 3 weeks including passage money to Copenhagen & London about 2100 Rubles. Tired of Russia & disgusted with its Govt. Laws institutions &c.

*Saturday, September 15*—Up at 5 packed Baggage Wrote private Letter to Wrangal. Gave papers from Russian American Coy. to Hubard to be translated. Started from the Hotel & got on board the Crondstadt Steamer at the English Quay. Gave a 5 Ruble piece to a passport officer as a Bribe to prevent his unlocking & [illegible] Baggage, the Scoundrell took the hint most kindly . . . off at 11. Got to Cronstadt at 1 Went on board the *Sirius*, put our Baggage to rights, took possession of our Berths, fine Ship, handsomely fitted up, but badly officered & manned. Would have gone ashore at Cronstadt in the Evening but afraid of difficulty about our passports & the chance of not getting on board again. Good Dinner . . . Received my Pistols that were taken from me on arrival at Cronstadt through the Agency of Mr. [blank] the Commercial Agent at Cronstadt. At 8 our clearance & Passports came on board and the Villainous Customs & Police officers took their departure, a good riddence . . .

*Sunday, September* 16—At 6 A.M. Got our Steam up. Weighed Anchor & off . . . ◆



Wild rice in the harvest month of September.
Fred Morgan

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